

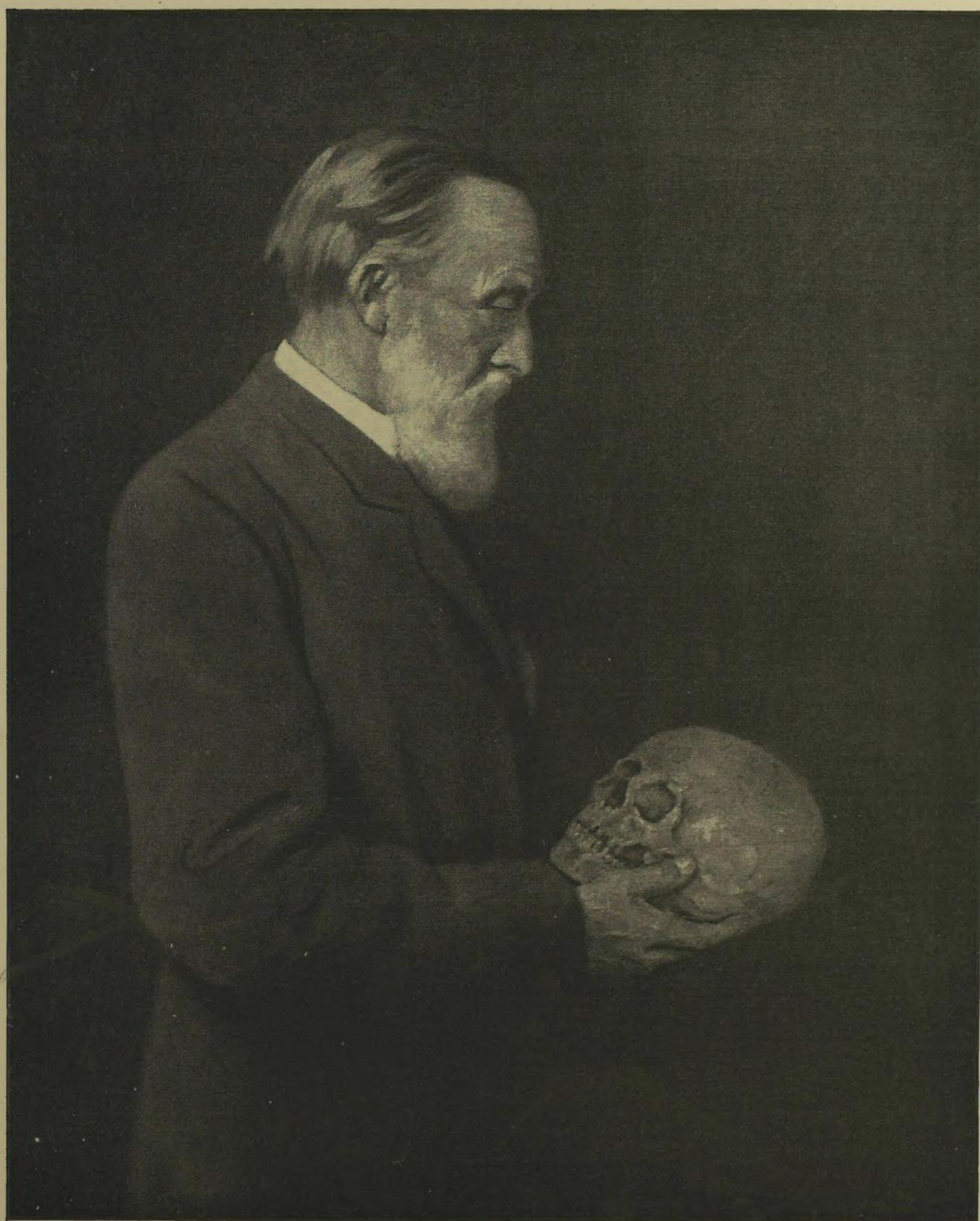
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.  
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PROFESSOR RUDOLF VIRCHOW.

FROM A PAINTING BY HANS SCHADOW.

*In concluding his lecture on Monday, Oct. 3, Professor Virchow said: "May the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital continue upon the newly opened path with zeal and good fortune. But may its students at the same time never forget that neither the physician nor the naturalist dares to dispense with a cool head and a calm spirit, with practical observation and critical judgment."*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The sanity of the world is preserved by its commonplaces. I am never so strongly convinced of that as when I have read the debates at the Church Congress. What would happen to the anxious divines who meet to discuss the rather clouded welfare of the Church, to dispute about doctrine and ritual, if some safe and comfortable theme were not provided by way of relaxation? Sydney Smith's idea of a horrible end was to be preached to death by wild curates. That might happen to some of us but for the benevolent safety-valve of the trite and the obvious, which enables the most original and excitable curate to regain his calm. What is discussed at a Church Congress when everybody's nerves are in need of repair, when the High Church eye has a feverish glitter, and the Low Church brows are knitted in the frown which heralds the thunder-clap? Why, all the divines fall to discussing something they call "The Unrest of the Age." It corresponds to that digression on the weather which is started by a tactful hostess when her lions at table roar too angrily at one another. "What an extraordinary number of fine days we have had lately, Mr. Brutus! I really cannot remember when we last had rain. Can you? How hard it must be on the poor makers of umbrellas! I have really quite forgotten how to open mine!" It is thus that the artful lady draws Mr. Brutus away from the topic which he and Mr. Cassius have debated at tedious length, and with unreasonable heat. And the skilful tactician who arranges the order of proceedings at the Church Congress knows exactly the crucial moment when the harmless necessary "Unrest of the Age" should be interposed to prevent theological combatants from inflicting upon one another the fate which was dreaded by Sydney Smith.

The great charm of talking against the Age is that you can let off a lot of discontent without hurting anybody's feelings. In a gymnasium you will commonly notice a cushion suspended at the end of a string, and as the gymnast passes it he hits out from the shoulder, and lands a tremendous smack plump in the middle of this dangling object, which flies and returns to receive another blow. The Age serves the same useful purpose in the ecclesiastical forum. An old Bishop grows quite young again when he engages in this exercise; and a brawny Archdeacon buffets the poor Age with such vigour that the decorous spectators feel that wholesome ecstasy (without knowing it) which inspires the patrons of football. Yes, it is an Age of unrest (whack), for the minds of men are distracted by the race for wealth (whack), by the pursuit of pleasure (whack), by tormenting eagerness to analyse the infinite (whack). At each resounding stroke you think the Age is done for, and about to cry for mercy; but back it comes for more punishment; the Archdeacon is succeeded by another reverend gymnast, and every man punishes the victim to his heart's content, and to the entire satisfaction of the organising genius who has arranged the entertainment. Who wants to complain? Everything that is said against the Age is true, and I would not for worlds suggest that at the next Church Congress some flippant person should describe another kind of Age, an Age of perfect rest, with no presumptuous effort to pierce every veil that is supposed to hide some eternal verity, a placid, hand-folding, glorified sluggard of an Age—and ask the company how they would like it!

One man I know has a serious, undying quarrel with our unresting Age, and he is a humorist. In his memoir of Sir Frank Lockwood, a book to be read with pure enjoyment, Mr. Augustine Birrell (not for the first time) hurls a bolt at the Press. Describing the pleasant fooling of barristers at "the Circuit mess," he says: "If it dies out it will be a pity. It has hitherto managed to escape the curse of the newspaper paragraph, which must eventually destroy all real merriment among the sons of men." Think of the awful prospect! As soon as the restless paragraph busies itself with the jokes of the Bar mess—when these gems of wit and humour are spread by the printer before a dazzled world, the gay young advocate will jest no more, and a horrid gloom will settle on the Bench! Fancy Mr. Birrell rising at the Circuit table, and saying, "Brethren, you will have noticed in the local paper this morning a column of cursed paragraphs, giving all the jokes with which my learned friends have been in the habit of making my sides ache. It is unlikely that in these depressing circumstances any of you will have a new and original joke to offer us. I propose, therefore, that we devote the evening to discussing the Unrest of the Age, with special reference to the malevolent activity of the newspapers!" Or Mr. Birrell might compose an epitaph in these moving terms: "Sacred to the Memory of the Humour of the Bar. It enjoyed the Esteem of Mankind for many Generations, enriched the shelves of countless Libraries of Reference, prolonged the Reputation of the Diner-out, and helped the Lecturer to earn his Livelihood. Even these Services could not preserve it in an Age of Cynicism and Unrest. And though it sparkled in the Eye of Beauty and danced upon the Lip of Faine, it was Killed by a Newspaper Paragraph, A.D. 1898."

Some fanatical optimist may say that even if the Junior Bar joked no more, real merriment would still

survive among the sons of men. When imagination soars like that, I cannot follow it. But I venture to plead that there is no more reason why the paragraph should play the murderous part Mr. Birrell assigns to it than that he should act the executioner by compiling the humours of "the Circuit mess" in a biographical sketch. After all, the newspaper paragraph may do the duty of an abstract and brief chronicle of distinguished men and their sayings. Mr. Birrell gives many examples of Lockwood's readiness and facility of speech, but no example of the predicament into which even the keenest-witted counsel may be put by a witness of average coolness and self-possession. Lockwood was once asked whether he had ever been nonplussed, and he told this story: He was cross-examining a lady with much confidence and freedom. Suddenly she turned upon him. "Sir Frank, don't you think that is a very silly question?" By how simple a thrust a master of repartee may be undone! Lockwood felt that no answer was possible except a candid admission. "You are right, Madam," he said; "it is a very silly question." I wonder somebody does not compile for the encouragement of litigants a schedule of all the silly questions which have been put in cross-examination in famous law-suits. It might serve as a useful warning against the most obvious pitfalls for the witness, and it would make such an amusing reading that even the newspaper paragraph might commend it for the promotion of real merriment among the sons of men.

There are many interesting anecdotes about the late Queen of Denmark; but one of them, I hope, will be carefully excluded from all nurseries. The most precious illusion of children is that to be a Prince is to command every luxury. Suppose that after the usual recitation of Cinderella's adventures by the grown-up sister, the audience in the nursery were to listen to this: "Once upon a time, there was a little Prince named Waldemar. His papa and mamma came to be King and Queen of Denmark; but for quite a long while, when he was a little boy, they were so poor that they lived in a small house, no bigger than this; and Waldemar's sisters, all of them Princesses, were taught to sew and tidy the rooms." Here there would be exclamations of uneasiness and incredulity from the small auditors in petticoats. They might even have a sudden apprehension that the grown-up sister was going out of her mind. But suppose she went on in this strain: "Well, that is not the worst. What do you think? Poor little Waldemar, though he was a Prince, very often had no jam on his bread-and-butter! Yes, he went about crying 'I want jam—strawberry jam, plum jam, apricot jam'—and his dear mamma, with tears in her eyes, said to him, 'Never mind, Waldemar—no, Waldy—I think she would have called him Waldy, though he was a Prince—'Never mind; papa has not enough money to buy jam to-day; it is over so much a pot; but wait till he gets the crown of Denmark, and then you shall have jam every day—apricot jam!' Now Waldemar, being a Prince, was very brave, and he didn't cry any more, but ate his bread-and-butter, wondering whether the butter would be stopped like the jam, and whether he would come to dry bread like a prisoner in a dungeon. Years went on, and his papa got the crown of Denmark, and then there was plenty of jam; but by that time Prince Waldemar had quite lost his appetite for jam, even apricot jam, and this grieved his mamma so much that at last she died!"

Can you see the appalling effect of such a tale on the wide-eyed, open-mouthed young devotees of the jampot? At first they would give way to transports of indignation, and the grown-up sister would have to fly for her life from the nursery, pursued by any missiles that came handy. Then the rebels would sit down and gloomily wonder what sort of an Age it could be which robbed a Prince of his jam—apricot jam! Had it been gooseberry jam, the horror and consternation would not have been so great; for gooseberry jam, from time immemorial, has had a sinister association with medicine—chiefly disguised powders. At this critical moment, when faith in civilisation and fairy-tales was threatened with extinction, a prosperous relative—say an uncle—would, I trust, appear upon the scene, grasp the situation, and apply the only remedy. There is a story of the Duke of Wellington which should always be held in reserve as an antidote to the story of Prince Waldemar. The Duke did not take much notice of children, and his manner was rather awful to grown-up persons; but one day, when some small visitors happened to be in the nursery at Stratfieldseye, he walked up to the top of the house and found the youngsters at tea. He gazed grimly around as if the room were a field of battle, and noticed that there was no jam on the table. Without a word he rang the bell violently. A footman appeared, and stood petrified. "Have the goodness to understand," said the Duke in a voice of thunder, "that when children are invited to my house to tea, *they are to have jam!*" Then he departed, and it is probable (though the anecdote does not go so far) that before he was out of earshot Young England in the nursery sent up a cheer that may have reminded him of the huzzas at Waterloo. (I thought I had ended my subject for this week when, "Please add thirty-five words," said Mr. Printer, in that wry way of his when the column is incomplete. This brings home to me the "Unrest of the Age"!)

## THE LAST OF THE BULL-BAITERS.

We associate the brutal sport of bull-baiting mostly with the dissolute times of Charles II. and therabouts. There used to be a bull-ring, or rather amphitheatre, in the High Street of Southwark, nearly opposite St. George's Church. The bull-ring is, properly speaking, the big iron ring, fixed in a large square stone, to which the beast is fastened before baiting. In the region that lies round Pendle Hill, in North Lancashire, especially those parts which border on the Ribble—a country teeming with legendary lore and full of romantic interest—"bull-baiting" and "rush-bearing" were in full swing at the end of the last and a little way on into the present century.

I have been staying lately in the village of Chatburn, in the cottage of the grandson of the last and most noted bull-baiter of all the country round. Chatburn was also the name of my host. Old Tom Chatburn, by trade a hand-loom weaver, was a firm ally of the first Lord Ribblesdale of Gisburn. Together with the also well-known Blackburn champion, "Jack Douglas," these two provided many a day's sport in their own district. Their old bull-ring was just above the village, and at the Wakes, or as they then termed it, the Rush-bearing, you might, as old Tom's wife used to tell in her old age, have walked on the heads of the folk, who thronged from the villages all about great Pendle Hill to take part in their noted bull-baiting.

A large wagon was thatched over thickly with rushes; all round it were hung silver and pewter jugs, cups, even bracelets and necklaces—as in the fifteenth century—which were freely lent by both gentry and the common folk. Young girls decked with gay ribbons rode on the cart, and morris-dancers accompanied it on foot.

Old Tom had a notable bulldog named Nell, and Jack Douglas's dog, next to Nell in fame, was named Boxer. In many an ale-house the feats of these four are still told over the liquor, where Lord Ribblesdale and his ally, old Tom, used to be talked of as "the old and young Lord," they were so often seen together. One of these favourite "pubs" for weavers of sporting proclivities was the Brown Cow at Blackburn. A cosy, sheltered seat was provided on one side of the public room there by the hinder half of a huge old stage-coach, which had been sawn in two.

Although a weaver, Tom had a soul above his loom, and when he could, if work was slack, he would drive many a troublesome team for its owner. The renown of his skill with horses was far spread. When an extra long load of timber had to be drawn up the steep street and into the village yard, Tom had always to be fetched: only he could manage to get it safely steered up and turned in.

When bull-baiting was finally put down by law, my host told me that his Lordship sent for old Tom and said, "What are we to have now, Tom, eh?" And Tom suggested "Foot races." "All right, Tom, I'll see to it, and mind you bring me as good a runner as Jack Douglas's dog Boxer."

This gentleman, I was told, raised a company of volunteers during the French War, whom he kept and clothed at his own expense, sending them to York to be trained; indeed, my host said—I cannot vouch for this, however—that it was owing to this good service that he was raised to the peerage. A love of sport certainly runs in the blood of the Ribblesdale family.

Tom's dog, Nell, got so badly injured at last, poor beast, that she had for some time to be held up in her kennel in slings, she could neither stand nor lie. Once at Rush-bearing time the champion had no dog, nor could his Blackburn ally furnish one. That was in the days when he was young and foolhardy, and my host's mother told how he would never be beat, and knew no fear. When the bull had been secured, and the crowd looked for the dog, in rushed Tom, and up to the bull, seizing it by the nose with his own teeth. As he held it, a foolish fellow from behind let go his collie at the bull, which at this back attack gave a sudden fierce toss, and ripped open Tom's tough waistcoat over his chest to the throat. Tom was not seriously hurt, but he bore the mark of the rent upon his body until his dying day.

"You must go to Worston and look at the famous ring there," added my host.

To Worston, close at the foot of Kendal, I went. In 1653, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, wrote in his journal—

"As we travelled, we came near a very great hill, called Pendle Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it, which I did with much ado—it was so very steep and high. From this height we looked over those sites in Lancashire where great and busy towns now stand." And the enthusiast says, "From the top of this hill the Lord let me see in what places He had a great people to be gathered." One outcome of Fox's vision was the life work and influence of sturdy John Bright.

I went, alas! only to see an old bull-ring.

"You's the old Roman road," said my guide, a man of eighty-four years, with a firm step, a clear eye, and a well-shaped head covered with a mass of white hair. "I don't admit to no scholarship, on'y what I got from t' Sunday-school, but thean's the Roman road, and thean's the stone wi' the bull-ring fixed in, on the bit o' weast land. Hark to that!" he said, as he lifted the massive ring and let it fall down on the stone. "Hark to the ring on it, clear as a bell!" As it fell he added, "They doan't make no such metal nowadays. They do tell as 'twas a woman what led the bull here for some seven years, year upo' year. Well, times is changed, an' it wor t' Sunday-school first as made things better, afore t' church wor here. T' Methodist Sunday-school as come out from Clitheroe."

One cannot do justice to the dialect of the Craven district, which included Pendle Forest. It is said to be akin to Chaucer's English, and unlike the common dialect of Lancashire. A local story gives it as follows—

"One day thean war a mouse tunimell'd intu guilevat, an t' cat sat awatchin' on't. When it wor loiko to drown, it sez t' cat eat: 'If thou'll help me out an' let me shak mesel, thou's he mah!' Seea t' cat agreed, an' heft it out, bud t' mouse ran off to it hole. Sez t' cat: 'I thowt thou sed I mud he thah.' 'Hei!' sez t' mouse, wi' a gurn; 'but fowk sez owt when they're i' drink.'" J. A. O.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Arlert of Anhalt, at Balmoral Castle on Saturday morning received her eldest daughter, the German Empress Frederick, who arrived from London with Prince and Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. The Empress Frederick, travelling from Berlin, embarked at Flushing in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on the night of Wednesday, Sept. 28, crossed to England, and reached London next morning; after which she stayed at Buckingham Palace until her starting for Scotland on Friday evening, and was visited by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Prince Francis of Teck, Captain of 1st Royal Dragoons, returned from the Soudan, visited the Queen at Balmoral on Saturday.

On Friday, Sept. 30, the Church Congress at Bradford, and that of the Sanitary Institute at Birmingham, over which Sir Joseph Fayrer, M.D., presided, were brought to a close; the latter is next year to be held at Southampton. Next year's Church Congress will be in London.

The official publication, in Friday's *Gazette*, by the War Office, of the despatches from General Lord Kitchener, through General Sir Francis Grenfell, at Cairo, relating to the defeat of the Dervishes on Sept. 2 and the capture of Omdurman and Khartoum, was accompanied by that of a General Army Order from the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, giving the highest praise to General Kitchener's skilful leadership, and to the conduct of the officers and troops, both of the British and of the Egyptian army, under his command. A large number of officers and soldiers are named in the despatches, and recommended to the favour of the Crown.

On Friday, Sept. 30, the election of a new Lord Mayor of London was performed at Guildhall by the Liverymen of the City Guilds, who chose Alderman Sir John Vose Moore as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, and voted thanks to the Lord Mayor about to retire.

A statue of her Majesty the Queen, the gift of the late Sir Henry Doulton, is to be erected by the Lambeth Vestry on the east side of Lambeth Bridge.

The new Victoria Bridge over the Wye at Hereford, which is the Queen's Sixty-year Reign Memorial for that city, was opened by Lady Emily Foley on Michaelmas Day.

Sir Charles Evans-Smith has been appointed British Minister to the Spanish-American Republic of Colombia.

The Royal Commissioners of Inquiry in Newfoundland have visited Bay St. George and St. Pierre, and large districts of good land have been surveyed on the line of the projected railway.

The Marquis of Lorne on Sept. 29 was presented with the freedom of Airdrie, one of the Falkirk Burghs, in Scotland.

The Emperor of Austria has addressed a special letter of thanks to the citizens of London and all other inhabitants of the United Kingdom who have expressed sympathy with him in his recent bereavement. His Majesty had retired for some days to Wallsee, with his daughter the Archduchess Maria Valerie, but returned on Sunday to Vienna. There are great difficulties in settling the relations between the Austrian and Hungarian Governments.

Preparations for the German Emperor's visit to Palestine and Turkey have been continued; two German war-ships have been sent to Venice for the naval escort of his steamer-yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, on the voyage to Jaffa. Italian and Turkish ships will also greet his Majesty with naval honours. The Khedive of Egypt arrived at Constantinople on Saturday. It is expected that the Emperor will arrive there on Oct. 17.

Our Foreign Office will not just yet publish any correspondence with France touching Major Marchand's situation at Fashoda. This is, perhaps, a point of courtesy, because it requires a month for Major Marchand's report to arrive in Paris. The gallant Frenchman may write, "J'y suis; j'y reste"; but a Minister on the banks of the Seine may, with equal sense of national dignity, reply "Come home" to a military explorer two thousand miles up the Nile. Then Major Marchand, as a distinguished traveller in Africa, might be the honoured guest of our Royal Geographical Society at the beginning of the next London season, along with two Belgian officers now in the Egyptian Soudan.

The Emperor of Russia and the King of Sweden will be present at the funeral of the late Queen of Denmark in the Cathedral of Roskilde. The Duke of Cambridge will represent our own Queen.

The diplomatic negotiations of the Spanish and American Peace Commissioners have been commenced in Paris at the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay, after an impartial friendly reception of both delegations by the French Government. It is expected that the chief difficulties will be to adjust the future condition of the Philippines, and to agree upon the liability of Spain for the Cuban public debt. Aguinaldo, the leader of the native insurgents in the Philippines, has convened a "National Assembly" at Malolos, and has been elected President of the Republic. The Spaniards remaining demand protection against the violence of the natives. In the Vizayas Islands local bands of insurgents have been defeated by Spanish troops. The task of bringing home the Spanish army from Cuba is expected to be completed by the end of the year. Twenty thousand fresh American troops are to be landed near Havana. Large numbers of Spanish colonists in that island and Puerto Rico are preparing to depart.

M. Zola is said to have returned to Paris, but whether he was in time to save his goods and chattels from the broker is not stated. Judgment was given against him for damages amounting to £1200 in the actions brought by three experts in handwriting, who had sworn that Esterhazy did not write the *bordereau*. All the world knows that he did, and that the testimony of the experts was worthless. M. Zola said these witnesses were corrupted by the General Staff, and on that point, too, the world is of one opinion. However, M. Zola was mulcted in damages, and advantage was

taken of his absence to distrain upon his goods, although M. Octave Mirbeau offered to pay the money.

As for Esterhazy, he is still in course of revelation. He has confessed that Colonel du Paty de Clam ordered him to forge the telegrams which were addressed to Colonel Picquart in Tunis that they might be intercepted and used for the purpose of ruining that officer. This is extremely suggestive in its bearing on the charge on which Colonel Picquart is now in prison. Having failed to ruin him by forgery, his enemies are now pretending that he is a forger. There are rumours that the General Staff will bring about a revolution rather than consent to a new trial of Dreyfus. It is certainly the moment for an ambitious soldier. The officer who is expected to strike the blow is General Negrier, who was lately in England for the Army Manœuvres. How General Negrier will relish the distinction which is thus thrust upon him remains to be seen.

Switzerland, pending the trial of the assassin of the Empress of Austria, has arrested some Anarchist conspirators, and expelled about forty others. Italy has proposed an international conference for the suppression of this hideous conspiracy; it has been accepted in principle by several other European Governments.

It is rumoured that a native insurrection has broken out in Damaraland, the German territory in South-West Africa.

## AN IMPORTANT ARCHAIC DISCOVERY.

Prehistoric man and his conditions of life have a universal interest; to the archaeologist and student of ancient history it is a fascination. Opportunities which afford glimpses into his inner life are few and far between. Such a rare opportunity is afforded by the discovery by Mr. W. A. Donnelly, artist, Milton Bowring, of a crannog or lake-dwelling on the Dumbrack foreshores of the ancient Colquhoun county on the banks of the Clyde.

Experts pronounce (says Mr. Donnelly) the find of the first importance. Dr. Robert Munro, F.S.A., and the Rev. H. J. Duckinfield Astley, M.A., hon. secretary of the British Archaeological Society, indorse this opinion, and give every encouragement to have the crannog examined, excavated, measured, and depicted by a complete set of drawings taken on the spot, recording each special feature when revealed. This is being done under the auspices of the Helensburgh Naturalists' and Antiquarian Society, superintended by Mr. Donnelly, the discoverer, Mr. John Bruce, F.S.A., and Mr. Adam Miller, F.S.A.

This society has in the past earned golden opinions for the thorough nature of the work done in connection with the other phenomenal archaic discoveries in this neighbourhood within the last five years.

The crannog is situated on the right or northern bank of the river Clyde, 50 yards from ordinary low-water mark, 200 yards from ordinary high-water mark, 700 yards from extraordinary high-water level, and 1800 yards east of Dunbarton Castle. The circumference outside the circuit of oaken piles (about 6 ft. apart) is 156 ft.; outside this, at a distance of 14 ft. (the refuse-mound), is another circuit of timbers rising from the blue-clay bottom in tiers like the steps of an amphitheatre, and held in place by soft wood piles.

The refuse-mound at present being excavated is one of the richest ever sifted, its contents supplying a vivid mind-picture of the primitive Neolithic man: stone implements, jet charms, bone implements, embracing every type of offensive weapon, from the tiniest arrowhead to the most formidable dagger or bayonet, "cooking-stones," smoothers of wood and polishers of stone, osseous remains of red deer of a grander type than any at present alive, fallow-deer, roe-deer, cows of different varieties, two kinds of sheep, dog-fox and wild boar, and numberless fragments not yet identified. Shells were also found in the refuse-mound embedded in piles of calcined bones. A very slight inspection of the actual structure reveals a remarkable and rare opportunity of seeing how the prehistoric man worked, to such practical purpose that, after thousands of years, in spite of storm and tide, the structure is as perfect and as firm as when it left his hands. The "facing" and pointings of the piles is a study in itself, and is exciting much scientific interest.

The great war-canoe is a splendid specimen of this ancient craft, 35 feet long, dug out of a single oak-tree. The conditions characterising this crannog upset all former theories regarding the tide levels, and the mystery is still unsolved, the crannog being covered and bare twice every twenty-four hours.

The Dunlop Company have at last made public the improvements which they have introduced into their new tyres. Briefly, these improvements consist of an easier means of detachment, and certain modifications in the exterior of the tyres. Instead of one single wire running round each edge of the tyre cover, there are now three wires of a very small gauge placed one above another in each edge, this strip of wire being more flexible, yet at the same time stronger and lighter, than the single wire previously used. The triple wire on each side or edge of the cover is composed of three convolutions, each ring standing above the other, the top end being brought over and under to the bottom end, twisted, and then soft-soldered, this making an immensely strong and compact joint. In addition to this greatly improved method of detachment, the well-known Welch non-slipping "tread" is also altered. Of course, the familiar basket-pattern tread has been retained; but this is considerably reduced in width, and on each side of it are a couple of ridges moulded circumferentially. The tread is consequently smoother, and the non-slipping qualities of the Dunlop Roadster Tyre are more conspicuous than ever. The new mode of attachment permeates all the new Dunlop tyres; the Road-Racing, light Roadster tyre, and Fat-Racing tyre being, however, somewhat differently constructed. Full particulars of the new tyres may be obtained from the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Ltd., 160-166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., or at any of the company's depôts.

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## THE DISASTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

*From Photographs by Mr. Bruce Howell, Barbadoes.*

The terrible hurricane that swept over Barbadoes on Sept. 10 formed the climax to a catalogue of difficulties that has taxed the patience of our West Indian possessions. The intricate question of sugar bounties in that part of the world has puzzled the economists sorely. The political movement in Jamaica for annexation to the United States has increased the strain; and now comes this physical disaster, which accentuates the unstable position in which West Indian affairs have resolved themselves. Barbadoes, with an area of 166 miles, is scarcely a quarter of the size of Greater London, and has a population less than the parish of Islington. Only in August the Speaker of Barbadoes, the Hon. A. Pile, was murdered by a negro. Mr. Pile had been a member of the Legislative Council for twenty-five years, and Speaker for fifteen years. Then the staple industry of the island, that of sugar, has been in a very bad way for some time, and the commercial outlook of the island has been very much darkened by the great hurricane.

The coming storm was prophesied by the meteorologists at noon on the dreadful day. At six o'clock in the evening ominous clouds gathered in the north-east, and the wind began to blow from that quarter. Within an hour the barometer had fallen to 29.66, and the wind had increased to a strong gale. Hour after hour passed, and the storm increased in fury. The sky, which had been inky black, quivered with brilliant light, continuous electric waves leaving the sky a lurid reddish hue. Against the hill-sides and down the valleys the electric fluid flashed like shining streams of quicksilver. The wildly tossed branches of the trees were one moment a mass of silvery light; the next they vanished from sight in the black pall of hurtling darkness; and by eleven o'clock, when the storm had reached its height, the barometer had fallen to



CHAPEL ABOVE BISHOP'S COURT, BARBADOES, WRECKED BY THE STORM, AND ENTOMBING TEN PERSONS.

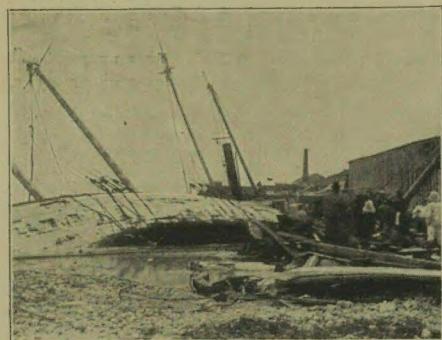


BRITTON'S TENANTRY, BARBADOES, THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

29.462, and the velocity of the wind was seventy-five miles per hour for every mile. The raging of the wind deadened the sound of even the thunder, and the strongest houses swayed beneath the gusts.

The scene was terrible. The frail houses of the people were swept away like matchwood, and the cries of the homeless inhabitants were piteous. The crash of falling trees, the snapping of telephone-wires, and turmoil of the storm, impressed the mind with a sense of horror and helplessness rather than of fear. Nor was this allayed when the storm abated, as it did about two o'clock next morning (Sunday, Sept. 11), for then the pent-up rain began to pour in torrents, and swept away the miserable ruins. When daylight arrived, the country was practically under water. The streets were running rivers filled with trees, roofs, telephone-posts, and everything that was floatable. Spots of land that had been covered with trees a few hours before were as bare as the seashore; and thousands of homeless people, rain-soaked and half-naked, wandered round, faint from fright and want of food. In the suburbs of the city the damage was enormous. Houses that had been newly erected had vanished, warehouses stood roofless; while the house in which the Governor, Sir James Hay, was staying at the time was flooded from garret to basement, and the roof blown away. His Excellency and his private secretary had to take refuge in the lower apartments. Vessels in the harbour that did not put to sea for safety (as H.M.S. *Alert* happily managed to do) were wrecked. The scene in the country was even more heartrending, all the more in view of the great poverty that has recently prevailed. In seven hours, in short, the island had been wrecked, seventy-five people had been killed, and twenty thousand rendered homeless; while the destruction to

property had been very great. The official returns up to date show that 10,277 labourers' houses were destroyed and 4644 damaged, while the "approximate economical cost of aided restoration" is estimated by the Governor at



THE WHARF BARBADOES, SHOWING WRECKED SCHOONERS AND GOVERNMENT TUGS.

£37,000. The damage to Government property alone is £8000. Some idea of the devastation is got by the accompanying pictures, taken by Mr. Bruce Howell, second clerk of the Colonial Secretary's office, Barbadoes.



ROOF OF RAILWAY STATION, BARBADOES, BLOWN ACROSS RIVER ROAD BY THE STORM.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA : VIEWS IN PEKING AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



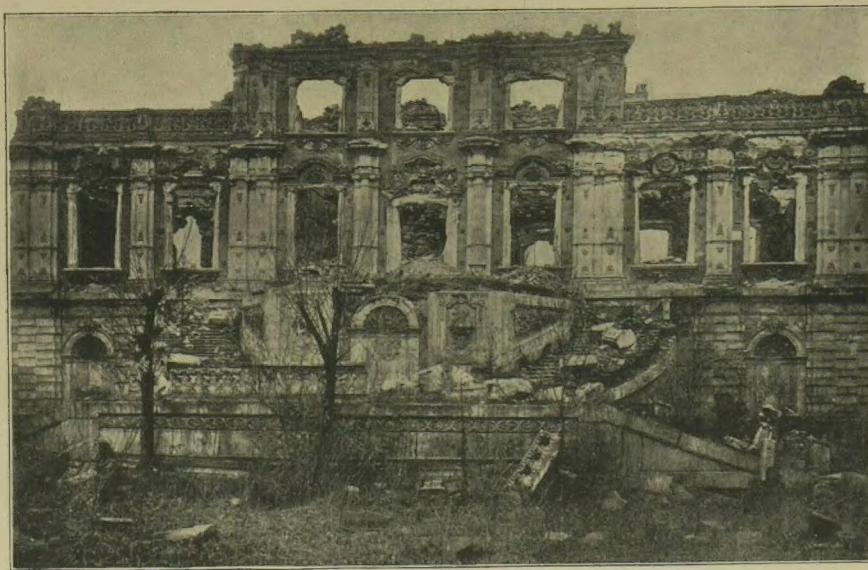
THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, WHERE THE EMPEROR WORSHIPS ON STATE OCCASIONS



PEIHO RIVER, WHERE THE BRITISH FLEET IS NOW STATIONED.



ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH LEGATION.



RUINS OF THE SUMMER PALACE, DESTROYED BY THE ALLIES IN THE WAR OF 1860.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Peking has continued to be a centre of curiosity to all Europe; but Peking itself is unconcerned. Telegram after telegram was sent early this week to find out if the Emperor himself were alive or dead, and, for a time, even that query failed to provoke a reply. Later advices have led to the supposition that former rumours were rather highly coloured. The city is reported to be at peace; the Dowager-Empress's assumption of power is accepted without a challenge; the Emperor is so docile that his death would be a superfluity; and the chances of Li-Hung-Chang's return to power are canvassed with coolness and discretion. Street riots there have been, and very nasty ones too; but no recurrence of these anti-foreign manifestations, whatever may be the popular feeling, is now feared. The place in Peking where last Saturday some Europeans were insulted is now railed off, and eight of the offenders are confined inside, wearing heavy wooden collars bearing the legend, "Punished for assaulting Europeans."

Meanwhile the British Embassy has requested a stronger guard of Royal Marines. Admiral Seymour, with H.M.S. *Centurion* and other ships, is at Taku, the port of

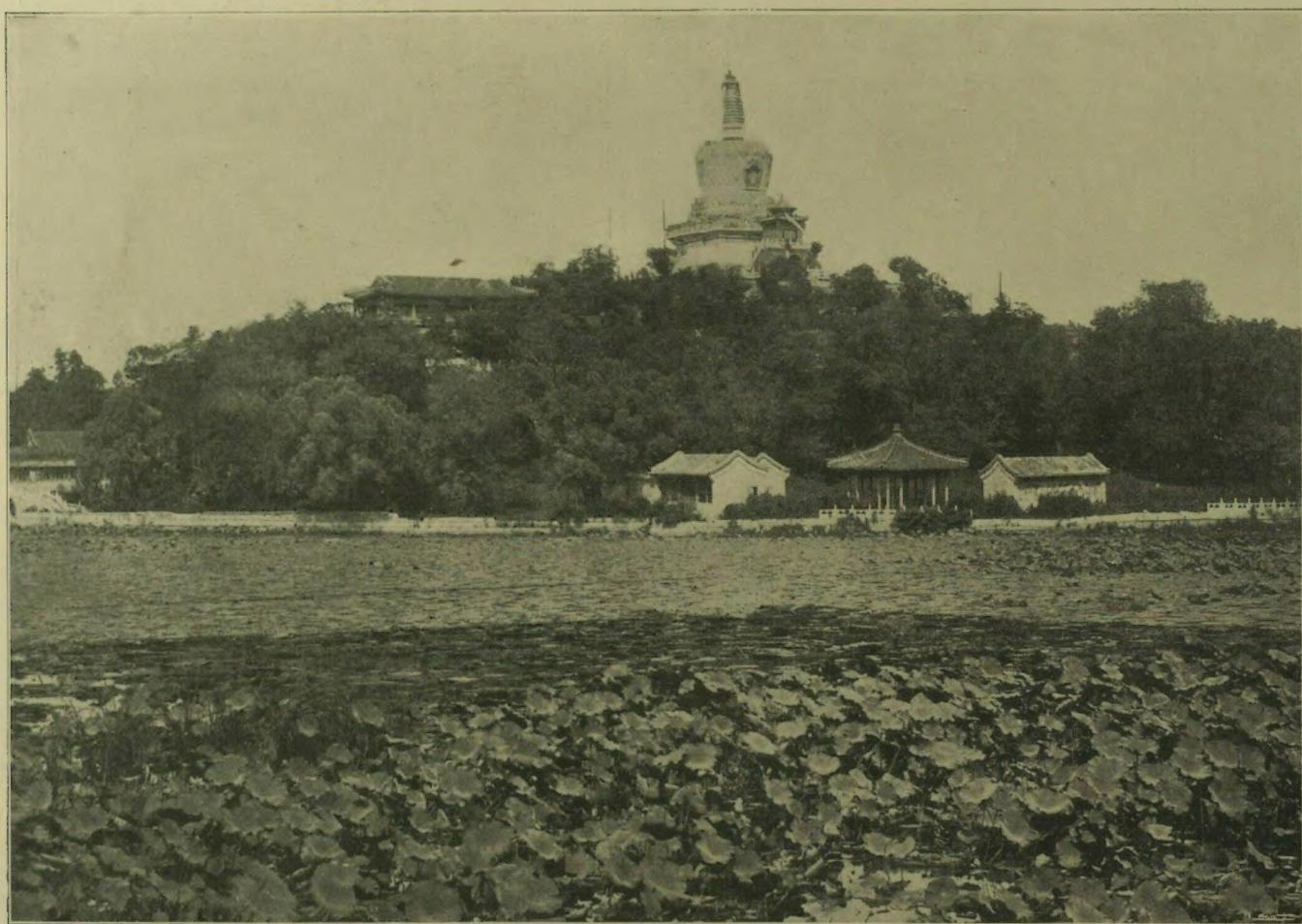
flag drooping in the stern. Within was Major Marchand himself, dressed in white, looking elderly and worn, and so far differing from the photographs last taken of him that he wore Dundreary whiskers. He was received on board the *Dal*, shook hands with the Sirdar, whose "case" he listened to, and then stated his own. The exchange was friendly. The Major, whom all thought "charming," took the Sirdar's salt. Commander Kepel and Colonel Wingate went back with the Major in his boat, and the flotilla got as near as they could to shore, where the troops disembarked. The Egyptian flag was hoisted, and the Sirdar called for three cheers for his Highness the Khedive, who, one may suppose, is a little dazed by his own sudden popularity. Then the troops marched back to their steamers to the tune of the "Cameron Men," all excepting the 11th Soudanese Battalion, which, under Colonel Jackson, remained behind to garrison the place; and the British flag flew at the side of the Egyptian.

On the return journey the Sirdar, when the Soda River was reached, again landed. The British and Egyptian flags were hoisted, and a garrison was left in charge. Then, to see that things were quite safe—one can imagine some afterthoughts arising in the Sirdar's mind—there was a return to Fashoda. All had gone on smoothly there, however, and the Sirdar, leaving behind provisions, and

which sums up in its clumsy Teutonic fashion his political attitude. On Monday he lectured on the recent advances in science and their bearing on medicine and surgery, paying high compliments to Huxley and to Lord Lister, who presided. "I am proud," he said, turning to Lord Lister, in his enthusiastic German way, "to be able to meet him as an old friend"; and when the two veterans, who have done so much for modern science, grasped each other by the hand the audience cheered and cheered again.

## MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN'S ELDEST GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

The marriage of Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen with Prince Henry XXX. of Reuss, which was celebrated at Breslau on Sept. 26, would be of little interest to English readers but for the fact that the bride is the great-granddaughter of our Queen. Her mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia (born in 1860 and married in 1878), is a daughter of the Empress Frederick, and the bride herself (who is thus the Kaiser's niece) is just nineteen. Prince Henry is the youngest son of Prince Henry IX. of the younger line of Reuss, and was born in 1864. It would require a profound genealogist to make out the tortuous intricacy of the house of Reuss, which is so curiously numbered—his grandfather, for instance, was Henry LXXIV. The



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN AND LOTUS LAKE, PEKING.

entrance to the Peiho River and approach to Tientsin and Peking. Russian troops and vessels of war are collected at Port Arthur, with the apparent view of watching the northern coast. Some apprehensions are felt of insurrections in Sze-Chuan and other provinces. The fugitive Minister, Kang-Yu-Wei, has safely reached Hong-Kong with the escort of a British cruiser.

## OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN.

The details of the Sirdar's journey to Fashoda have now been wrangled by a correspondent at Cairo from an officer who went on the expedition. Nothing of any consequence occurred during the early days of the flotilla's progress up the Nile. But the first Sunday was anything but a day of rest, for the Dervish steamer *Safek* was sighted and fired upon. The reply came not from the ship only, but from the shore, where the enemy had four small brass guns, which were so well handled that casualties must have occurred had not their play been swiftly silenced by our Maximins. A shot, too, was sent through the boiler of the Dervish vessel. The enemy fled, leaving many dead and wounded behind them—the condition of the wounded more hapless than that of the dead. Four days later the Sirdar sighted Fashoda and the French flag flying, a Senegalese sentry keeping guard beside it. The place appeared to be fairly well fortified with mud redoubts, and above the trenches could be descried a line of dark faces of armed men, several hundred strong, ready for action. Fortunately, no shot was fired; and presently a boat put out from the shore, a French

two gun-boats for patrol duty, returned with the rest of the troops to Omdurman, whither the *Safek* also was towed for repairs. Thither had already come Major-General Hunter after a successful expedition up the Blue Nile. At Gedaref, on the Abyssinian frontier near the Blue Nile, Colonel Parsons, with the troops from Kassala, repulsed another attack made by the Dervish leader, Ahmed Fadil, who suffered considerable loss, about the middle of last week. Last Sunday the Sirdar left Omdurman on his way to Cairo. There began the sequel which every British hero has to brave, the banquets given in his honour. London, too, which accorded the returned Guards a grand reception in the streets on Thursday, has already sent an invitation, for Nov. 4, from its Mansion House to the Sirdar, who has cabled his acceptance of it. He will be in Europe for some four months before he returns to the Soudan to take up his appointment as its Governor-General.

## PROFESSOR RUDOLF VIRCHOW.

The appearance of Professor Rudolf Virchow at the opening of the winter session of the Charing Cross Medical School on Oct. 3 was a memorable occasion. Professor Virchow, who attains his seventy-seventh birthday on Thursday, is a Pomeranian. Fifty-one years ago he graduated at Berlin, and began his career as a teacher in the University of Würzburg, whence he went to Berlin in 1856. His remarkable work in pathology soon gave him a European reputation, but his ultra-Liberal views deprived him of the Rectorship of his Alma Mater in 1887. Indeed, he is credited with the invention of the word "Kulturkampf,"

bridegroom is a Captain in the Brunswick Infantry Regiment No. 92, and is a Lutheran. Sir Frank Lascelles represented the Queen, who sent the bride an Indian shawl.

## THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE.

Though no new outbreaks have occurred in Crete, the popular excitement has by no means subsided; and it has been thought better that the Christian families should leave Retimo, notwithstanding the reign of martial law and the presence of a small force of Russian troops in the town. Eight hundred bluejackets from the British warships marched through Candia the other day, with bands playing and flags flying. The withdrawal of the Turkish troops is in process; and Edhem Pasha, the chief culprit in the recent rising, has departed for Smyrna, his successor being Colonel Chefvik Bey. More arms—some five thousand in all—have been delivered up, including some 1500 Martinis, but these are not all, and domiciliary visits are thought necessary to supplement the order for disarmament.

## THE CRANNOG ON THE CLYDE.

An ancient crannog has been unearthed on the foreshores of the Clyde. Ancient dwelling-places of the kind have been found on the banks of lakes, but never before, we are assured, on the banks of a tidal stream. Hence the delighted triumph of the experts who await the result of the excavations which are now in progress, and several sketches of which are here given. The subject will be found treated at length on a previous page by the discoverer, Mr. W. A. Donnelly.

## PERSONAL.

By the death of Mr. Thomas Gee, which occurred in Denbigh on Sept. 28, at the age of eighty-three, the Welsh Radicals lose a vigorous veteran, and the Temperance party a staunch supporter. Mr. Gee was the son of a publisher. Though he became a minister of the Calvinistic Methodist body, he regarded himself as a layman. As editor and proprietor of the *Banner*, he carried on the work of Liberalism which he started on the platform so long ago, as 1846. Passionately attached to the Principality, he advocated the

establishment of the Aberystwyth College and the Welsh University. He opposed the State Church, and his goods were once sold for his resisting the ecclesiastical tax which he resented so much; and he identified himself with the Land movement. In the midst of his many labours he managed to write many books, including "The Myrryrian Archaeology of Wales," while he was largely represented in the politico-religious controversial literature of the day.

A famous railway engineer has passed away in the person of Mr. William Wilson, whose death took place at his residence in Kensington. He was distinguished in the development of railway enterprise, particularly in and about London, and was the first to suggest bringing the South railway lines across the Thames. To him we owe the construction of Victoria Station. The name Victoria was also due to him. It is related that at a meeting at the house of the Duke (then the Marquis) of Westminster, to determine a name for the new

station, Mr. Cubitt proposed that it should be called Pimlico, and the Marquis himself wished it named Grosvenor. Mr. Wilson, however, said—"Why not call it Victoria, after the Queen?" His happy suggestion was carried out. Mr. Wilson was engineer of the first Metropolitan railway, of which he was the pioneer, and for which he prepared the estimates. He was also engineer of the Millwall Docks, though his plan somewhat differed from that which was finally carried out. Other monuments to his skill as an engineer are the Hammersmith and City Railway, the West London Extension, Aylesbury and Bucks Railway, Banbury and Cheltenham Direct Railway, Neath harbour and docks, and several undertakings abroad. In the erection of Euston Station he had also a hand, and was connected with many other important enterprises all over the world. In his early life, it is interesting to note, he was associated with George Stephenson.

Mr. Henry Cross was not a journalist by profession, but a young schoolmaster. Born at Beccles, Suffolk, on April 14, 1863, the son of a Colonel in the Madras Native Infantry, he entered Bedford Grammar School in May 1873, and thenceforward the school and its interests occupied most of his energies. He was head of the school in 1884, and went to Oxford, where he gained an open classical scholarship at Hertford College. He took classical honours in Moderations (1886) and Finals (1888), and would have done still

more in the examinations if he had not achieved so much on the river. He was given his "blue" in 1888, when he rowed "five" in the University crew against Cambridge, the Oxford boat being easily beaten that year, however, despite the extraordinary strength and good courage of Cross. Returning to his old school in 1890, he became an invaluable and conspicuously popular master. His wonderful vitality and "keenness" about everything he took up were infectious,

and his manly, wholesome character had a remarkable influence over the boys.

Henry Cross did not know what it was to be idle, so he filled up a vacation by volunteering to join the campaign in the Sudan as special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, intending to be back in October. He saw the battle from his post with the Lancashire Fusiliers in the first line, and he entered Omdurman. Four letters to the *Manchester Guardian* showed how well he could observe, and how vigorous a pen he wielded under the spur of excitement. After all, it was tragic that the strong young life should be cut down by enteric fever at Atbara, where he died on his way home on Sept. 20. He leaves a gap in his school and town which cannot be filled.

By the death of Sir Arthur Bower Forwood, M.P. for Ormskirk, which took place on Sept. 27, Liverpool has lost a distinguished citizen.

The eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Brittain Forwood, of Thornton Manor, Cheshire, the deceased was born in Liverpool on June 23, 1836, and received his education at the High School and College in his native town. At an early age he entered business, and very soon gave promise of the abilities which were afterwards to distinguish him. In the course of time he rose to be senior partner of the house of Messrs. Leech, Harrison, and Forwood, the well-known shipping firm in Liverpool. Public life attracted him, and he became Mayor of Liverpool some twenty years ago. In all that concerned the general welfare of the community he took the keenest interest, working with untiring energy and ability at everything to which he set his hand. His organising power was wonderful. In the work of election contests he was so distinguished that the local Conservatives used to call him the "Young Napoleon." In 1885 he stood as candidate for the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire, and was elected, retaining his seat through all subsequent contests by a handsome majority. In 1886 he was returned unopposed. From 1886 to 1892 he filled the post of Secretary to the Admiralty with distinguished success. Rather a worker than a speaker, he was remarkable when he did speak for saying something to the point. In 1895 he was created a Baronet. Sir Arthur was twice married, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Lieutenant Dudley Baines Forwood, who is twenty-three years of age.

The Right Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, D.D., Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, who died suddenly on Sept. 18,

was the son of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, LL.D., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was born in 1820, and educated at Harrow and Trinity Hall, where he obtained a scholarship and a second class in law. In 1841 he graduated LL.D., and in 1867 he took the degree of D.D. He was ordained in 1843, and held his first curacy at Chevening. Having held various curacies, he was appointed Minor Canon of

Canterbury in 1852. An enthusiastic musician, Mr. Jenner founded the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Society, of which he was precentor for seven years. In 1854 he was presented to the vicarage of Preston-next-Wingham, and in 1866 he was consecrated Bishop of Dunedin.

The hero of the Battle of Omdurman is now said to have been Colonel Macdonald, who is credited with having literally saved the day with his three thousand Soudanese. He was attacked by twenty thousand Dervishes, the Khalifa delivering his main assault on what he supposed to be the weak point in the Anglo-Egyptian force. Some onlookers thought the attack would succeed, and if the Dervish plan of a simultaneous rush by overwhelming numbers on the front and rear of Macdonald's troops had been carried out, it is impossible to say what might not have happened. But the plan was badly executed, and having beaten off one assault, Macdonald was able to face about and beat off the other. It was a notable feat of arms, and ought to be acknowledged by some signal reward.

There is a quaint tale of the Shillukos who were found at Fashoda with Major Marchand. They were delighted to meet some of their fellow-tribesmen in the Sirdar's force, and showed great interest in the gun-boats, which they were invited to inspect. It was noticed that they arrived not more than a dozen at a time, dressed in white, and then it appeared that most of them wore no clothes at all, but used all the costumes they had in turn. It was a remarkable tribute to European decorum.

Mr. John Lettsom Elliot, who has passed away at the great age of ninety-four, was known for many years as the "Father" of the Athenaeum Club. At the first meeting of the committee, held Feb. 16, 1824, for the election of members to the new club, Mr. Elliot's name was on the list of eighty then submitted. Other names in the list are those of the famous fourth Earl of Aberdeen, John Wilson, Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, and many others of distinction. Of this list Mr. Elliot possessed a copy, which he had reprinted a few years ago, as, unfortunately, the archives of the club contained no original list. Mr. Elliot was born Dec. 11, 1804; he was the eldest son of Mr. John Elliot, of Preston, and was educated at Winchester. He was a well-known figure in Westminster, and at one time took an active part in the duties of the various public bodies connected with the district.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Sir Wellington Patrick Manvers Chetwynd Talbot, who died at Inveran, Sutherlandshire, on Sept. 23,

was the eighth son of the second Earl Talbot, and brother of the eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. The late Colonel Talbot was born in 1817. Educated for the Army, he entered the 7th Foot, in which he became Captain, serving subsequently as A.D.C. and Comptroller to the Household of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1852 he became private secretary to the then Premier, the Earl of Derby,

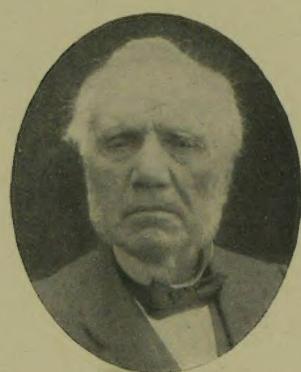
and three years later he was appointed British Resident at Cephalonia. From 1875 he was a Governor of Wellington College and Vice-President of that Institution. Since 1858 he had been Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Lords. Among his most important military commands was that of the Staffordshire Militia in the Ionian Islands. In 1897 he was made a K.C.B. He married, in 1860, Lady Emma Charlotte, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Derby.

The British Medical Journal reports a scientific discussion at Dunedin, New Zealand, about an extraordinary family in one of the Fijian Islands, who have the power of resisting fire. According to credible European witnesses, they can walk with bare feet upon stones heated to a temperature of 400 deg., and not show even a blister. No explanation of this phenomenon is forthcoming, but it is said that the fireproof Fijian is dying out. He ought not to be allowed to die till his secret has been won from him. Why not bring him over to join the London Fire Brigade?

Captain Robert Nelson John Glen, of the Army Service Corps, who died of enteric fever in the Station Hospital at Cairo on the 6th ult.,

started his military career in the 7th (Militia) Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, from which he joined (in 1891) the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. In the following year he exchanged into the Army Service Corps, and was promoted Lieutenant in March 1893. He went to Egypt in the beginning of 1896, and had been employed on active service with the Dongola Expedition, receiving the Soudan medal, 1896. He got his Captaincy last year.

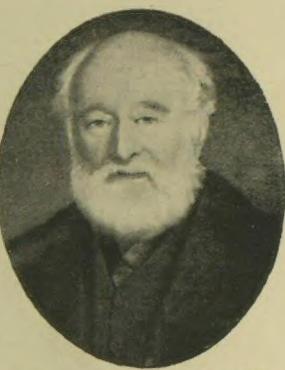
Canada's appreciation of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's Viceregal may be partly explained by its vote the other day in favour of Prohibition. In no other colony would a similar result have been obtained, and by no other Governor, probably, would it have been approved.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS GEE.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM WILSON.

THE LATE MR. HENRY CROSS,  
Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.Photo Russell and Sons.  
THE LATE SIR A. B. FORWOOD.Photo Pagell.  
THE LATE MR. J. LETTSOM ELLIOT.Photo Burmantofts.  
THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR W. P. TALBOT.Photo Russell and Sons.  
THE LATE BISHOP JENNER.

THE LATE CAPTAIN R. N. J. GLEN, A.S.C.



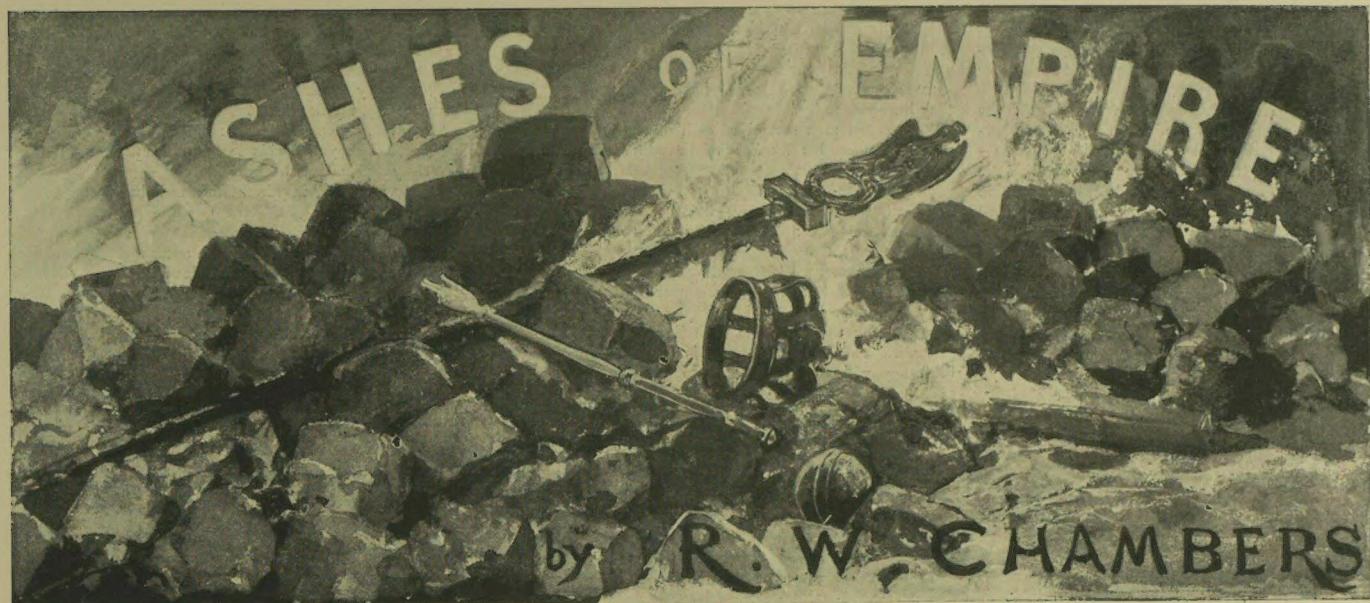
Lieut. A. D. Nicholson, Captain S. S. Clark, Lieut. J. C. Brinton, Lieut.-Col. A. T. Sloggett, Lieut. Hon. R. F. Molyneux, Lieut. C. S. Nesham,  
Cameron Highlanders. Cameron Highlanders. 2nd Life Guards. R.A.M.C. Royal Horse Guards. 21st Lancers.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN: OFFICERS WOUNDED AT OMDURMAN IN THE ENGLISH MILITARY HOSPITAL AT ABADIA.

*From a Photograph by Sergeant-Major Bruce, R.A.M.C.*



MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN'S ELDEST GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS FEODORA OF SAXE-MEININGEN, TO PRINCE HENRY XXX. OF REUSS:  
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER III.

## APARTMENTS TO LET.

Yolette, standing at the door of the bird-store, with her arm around Hildé's waist and one hand shading her face, could see the exhausted infantry tramping through the Porte Rouge between the steadily increasing throngs of people.

The crowd at first was silent, but gravely attentive. Little by little, however, they realised what it meant; they began to understand that this entry of Blanchard's division from Mézières, intact, was nothing less than the first actual triumph for French strategy since the Uhlan vanguard galloped over the frontier, and the Prussian needle-guns cracked across the Spicheran in the early days of August. For, when Blanchard's division of Vinoy's 13th Corps stole out of Mézières at dawn on Sept. 2, 1870, with the furnace-breath of Sedan in their faces and the German cavalry at their heels, nobody, not even General Vinoy himself, dared hoped to turn a retreat into victory, or to bring back one soldier out of ten under the guns of Paris.

Yet now it was done. On Sept. 5 Blanchard's division joined Maudhuy's at Laon, and the 13th Corps was reunited. And here they were; it was Guillemin's brigade, the 6th Hussars and the 42nd and 35th Infantry of the Line, that surged in at the Porte Rouge, with drums beating through the pulsating waves of dust, and bayonets crimsoned by the level rays of the setting sun.

Suddenly, on the forts of Issy, Vanves, Montrouge, and Bièvre, the big guns boomed their welcome to the returning troops; fort after fort took up the salute, bastion after bastion, until from the Fort d'Ivry to the Battery of the Double Crown, and from Fontenay to the Fortress of the East, the thunder rolled in one majestic reverberation, dominated by the tremendous shocks from Mont Valérien.

When the roar from the sixteen forts had ceased, and the immense waves of sound rolled farther and farther away, leaving in the ears of the people nothing but the drums of marching columns, a sentiment long unknown stirred every heart in Paris. The sentiment was hope. At the Porte Rouge they were cheering now; Montparnasse heard the unaccustomed sound, and the streets swarmed from the Luxembourg to the Montrouge gate. They were cheering, too, in the north across the river where the artillery of Maudhuy's division was being parked in the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

Down at the Porte Rouge the Hussars entered at a trot, trumpeters sounding the regimental march, while the crowd broke into frantic cheering, and tear-choked voices blessed them, and tear-stained faces were raised to the hard, bright sky, burnished with a fiercer radiance where the sun hung over the smoking Meudon woods, like a disk of polished copper.

And so, after all, they had returned, this army given up for lost; they had returned, singed by the flames in the north, stained with rain and mud and dust, exhausted, starving, reeling under the weight of their knapsacks and rifles, but saved from annihilation. Paris forgot everything except that—forgot the red trail of butchery from Forbach to Metz, forgot the smoking wreck of battles lost and battles worse than lost, forgot Strasburg crumbling under German shells, forgot Metz drenched with blood, cowering under the spectre of famine, forgot Toul and Belfort and the imbecile manœuvres of an ironclad fleet—all this was forgotten in the joy of the moment. What if three German armies were even then on the march toward Paris? Paris

would be ready; Paris would arm; nothing should withstand her; nothing could penetrate her cuirassed armour of enormous forts—a necklace of steel, a double necklace, for inside the ring of forts lay the city fortifications proper. The forts and the ninety-four bastions mounted two

thousand two hundred cannon. The people had heard their voices from Mont Valérien, setting the whole city rocking with the earthquake of their welcome to the 13th Corps. And how the throngs cheered!

Hildé and Yolette leaned together from their door and



"Our poor soldiers! Our poor soldiers... repeated Hildé. "See! Look! Everybody is bringing them bread and wine now!"

saw a pillar of dust, dyed crimson in the sun's last level rays, moving up the Rue d'Ypres.

"They are coming—they will pass here!" cried Hildé.

"Look, Yolette!"

"I see," said Yolette, her voice unsteady with excitement; "I am going to get all our bread and the three bottles of wine."

She dropped her sister's hand and ran back through the shop to the kitchen, talking all the while excitedly to herself: "Quick! quick! First the wine—then a glass—no, three glasses—now the bread—all of it—now a little basket—ah, *mon Dieu!* where is my little basket? Oh, there you are; and there is a *brioche* in you, too! It shall be eaten by one of our brave soldiers!" Schéhérazade, the lioness, sprawled on a rug in the small square parlour, blinked amiably up into Yolette's flushed face. The girl stooped and gave her a hasty kiss in passing, then ran out with the basket, closing the door quickly behind her.

The street was in a turmoil. A torrent of dust flooded with sunset-light rolled and eddied above the red caps of the passing troops. Strange timid eyes sought hers, strange eager faces rose up before her and passed on, blotted out in the whirls of crimsoned dust. The tears sprang to her eyes; she could not speak, but she held out her basket to the passing troops; a soldier somewhere in the throng cried, "Is the wine for us, Madame?" and another, close beside her, wiped the red wine from his lips with the sleeve of a stained overcoat, and passed the bottle to a comrade, laughing from sheer weakness.

"Our poor soldiers! Our poor soldiers!" repeated Hildé. "See! Look! Everybody is bringing them bread and wine now! But you were the first, Yolette; you thought of it first, my darling!"

Yolette saw nothing distinctly in the surging crowd around, but from every side spectral faces appeared through the dust; sad boyish eyes grew brighter as they met hers; hard, grimy hands reached out for a morsel of bread or a drop of wine.

Already Hildé had run back to the kitchen and returned with a big china bowl, into which she poured their last bottles of wine; and now the bowl passed from lip to lip, until it was lost to sight in the dust-cloud.

"Everybody is bringing bread and wine—look, Yolette!" cried Hildé. "Oh, the poor things, the poor sick things! Do you believe they will all get a little wine? There are so many—so many."

"The bowl is empty," began Yolette; but at that moment the dust-cloud wavered, grew thinner, whirled up in one last flurry as a mounted officer galloped by, then slowly settled and sifted back into the roadway. The regiment had passed.

Yolette watched the vanishing column down the street until the dust hid the last straggler and the tap of the drum died away. Hildé, standing beside her, dried the tears from her cheeks.

After a silence, Yolette said: "If we are going to have war here, near Paris, nobody will want to rent our apartment."

"I don't know," replied Hildé; "it is a very nice apartment, and not at all dear." Yolette came back to the door-step, touching the corner of her apron to her eyes. Hildé pointed towards the fortifications across the street. "I mean that if the Germans do come, their cannon-balls might fly over the rampart there, and hit our house. Perhaps nobody would care to take an apartment so near the fortifications, if they knew that."

"Of course, we will explain the danger before accepting anybody's money," said Yolette; "but I do hope somebody may like the apartment. I don't know what we shall do if it is not rented by October." She stood a moment on the doorstep, thinking, saddened by the memory of the regiment that had just passed.

Hildé clasped both hands behind her and looked up at the sky. It was not yet dusk, although the sun had gone down behind the blue forest of Meudon, but the fresh sweetness of twilight was in the air. Soft lights lay across the grassy glacis opposite; the shrubs on the talus moved in the evening breeze.

Something else, too, was moving over there—three sinister figures, shuffling across the grass. The Mouse and his two familiars were going back to the Passage de l'Ombre. As the Mouse passed, he flourished his cap again and called across the street something about being a slave to the ladies; but that speech had well-nigh been his last, for just as the shabby group started to traverse the roadway, two horsemen wheeled at a gallop out of the Rue Pandore, and one of them hustled Bibi la Goutte into the arms of Mon Oncle, who collapsed with a muffled shriek, dragging down the Mouse as he fell.

There is a providence for drunkards; there is also Hermes, the god of thieves; otherwise nothing could have saved the Mouse and Bibi from the horses' hoofs.

The two riders drew rein, wheeled, and turned to see what damage had been done, as the Mouse picked himself out of the dust with a frightful imprecation.

One of the horsemen, who had impulsively dismounted, was immediately set upon by Bibi and Mon Oncle. Taken by surprise, he knocked them both flat with his loaded riding-whip, and, jumping back, called out in English: "For Heaven's sake, Bourke, ride that one-eyed fellow down—he's got a knife!"

The other horseman set spurs to his mount and sprang at the Mouse. That ornamental bandit took to his heels, lunging out viciously with his knife as he passed the dismounted man. The latter slashed the Mouse twice with his riding-whip, and in turn was felled by a blow with a club wielded by the fat hands of Mon Oncle.

"Harewood," cried Bourke, hastily dismounting, "have they hurt you badly?"

The fallen man scrambled to his feet; there were two red streaks on his face; his hair was wet and matted. "No; where have they gone?"

"Into that dark alley. Do you want to follow them? Hold on, man—don't tumble—wait—I'll give you an arm. Are you badly hurt? By Jove, I believe you are!"

"I'm not; I'm all right. I'll—I'll just go over and sit down a moment. Is there a cut on my head?"

"Yes," said Bourke. "Come over to that house. I'll ask for a little cold water."

He slung the bridles of both horses on his left arm, and with his right supported his dazed comrade to the bird-store, where Hildé and Yolette stood watching them in silent consternation.

"Well," said Harewood faintly, "there are our little friends of the pigeons."

Yolette recognised them as they reached the pavement; Hildé, taking one hesitating step forward, leaned on Yolette's shoulder and fixed her frightened eyes on Harewood. That young man was so dizzy that he could only accomplish the bow he attempted by holding on to Bourke. Bourke took off his hat and asked for water. Yolette, outwardly self-possessed, brought a basin of water, a towel, and her own smelling-salts, while Hildé dragged out a chair and seated Harewood upon it.

And now, the feminine instinct of consolation being fully awakened in both Hildé and Yolette, Harewood was requested to smell the salts, and rest in the chair, and sip a little brandy from a glass. He did as he was bidden. Bourke expressed his obligations and Harewood's, in sincere if not fluent terms; Hildé and Yolette said that he and Harewood were very welcome. After that, Bourke being too drowsy and Harewood too dazed to continue conversation in the French language, they were silent.

Yolette tore strips from a cambric handkerchief, soaked them in water, and looked at Harewood's damaged head. Hildé turned away. She could not bear to see suffering, and she felt that the young man in the chair was probably enduring unheard-of agony.

Bourke repeated at intervals: "How is it, old fellow? Better?" until he remembered that politeness required him to say what he had to say in French. He looked up at the façade of the grimy house where the two signs hung. "Apartments to let," he repeated aloud. Then a thought struck him. "Harewood, here's an apartment to let directly over our heads. It's what we're looking for—a good view from the fortifications, you know, and close to the Porte Rouge. What do you say? Shall I look at it?"

"If you like," said Harewood, with an effort. "Bourke, I believe—I believe I'm going to ask you to take me to a hotel. My noddle goes round and round, you know. I don't think I should care about riding out of St. Cloud to-night."

Bourke examined his comrade's head anxiously. "We'll have to ride back to the Luxembourg quarter to find a hotel," he observed; "there are no hotels out here. Can you stand the jolting?"

"Oh, yes," replied Harewood.

"If you choose," continued Bourke, "we might take that apartment now, if it's furnished; and I could bundle you into bed and ride the horses back and have our traps sent up to-morrow." He turned to Hildé and made his excuses for using English instead of French. "I do not speak French fluently; we were talking about the apartment which, I notice, is to rent on the top floor. Could you tell me where I might find the concierge or the landlord?"

"The landlord?" repeated Hildé. "Why—why—I—and my sister are the landlords." She smiled very prettily as she spoke. Yolette's eyes brightened. Could it be that after all they were actually going to rent their apartment?

"It is furnished," said Yolette, looking at Harewood. She spoke with reserve, but her heart beat high, and two spots of colour deepened in her cheeks.

"We should be very glad to let it," said Hildé in a grave voice; "it is not at all dear, I think." She mentioned the price definitely.

"That, of course, includes heat, light, and attendance," added Yolette, turning to Harewood.

"Gas?" asked Bourke.

"No—candles, Monsieur. The fireplaces burn wood."

"And the attendance?" asked Bourke curiously.

"My sister and I, you see—we are the attendance," said Yolette without embarrassment.

"Will you show me the apartment now?" asked Bourke.

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

He glanced at Harewood. Harewood nodded back. Hildé brought a lighted candle to the staircase, and Yolette took it, inviting Bourke with a gesture to follow.

When they had gone away up the stairs, Hildé returned to Harewood and stood a moment silent. Presently she went out to the street and caressed the two horses. They

turned their gentle heads and looked at her with dark, liquid eyes.

"Are you fond of horses?" asked Harewood, sitting upright and touching the bandage on his throbbing head.

"I love all animals," said Hildé seriously. She came back to the chair where he was seated. "Does your head hurt very much?"

"Why, no, thank you; it is nothing at all."

After a moment she said: "I ought to tell you, Monsieur, before you decide to take the apartment, there is one very serious drawback to it."

"What is that?" inquired Harewood absently.

"The situation."

"The situation?"

"Yes. If the Germans should come and fire cannon at the city, I—I fear that our house is very much exposed."

Harewood looked narrowly at the girl beside him. Her clear brown eyes met his quite simply. "In that event, what would you do, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

Bourke came down the stairs, holding the candle for Yolette. "It's very nice—very nice indeed," he said. "I think we ought to take it, Harewood; I do, indeed."

Harewood raised his eyes at Bourke's somewhat enthusiastic recital of the charms of a top-floor apartment in the shabbiest quarter of Paris. "Very well," he said; "we will take it."

"But—but we must tell you something first—a drawback to the situation," began Yolette, and then stopped. She was fearful that if the new tenants were warned of the danger from German shells they might reconsider the matter. But she was bound in honour to tell, and she set her lips firmly and looked at Hildé.

"Oh," said Harewood quietly, looking at Bourke, "Mademoiselle means that we stand a chance of being shelled when the Germans come. Do you think that might be a drawback, Bourke?"

"Pooh!" said the latter briskly. "Come on, old fellow, I'll help you up to bed—and a jolly good bed it is too—and then I'll ride the horses over to the Vaugirard. I'll be back in an hour."

"Do—do you really mean to take the apartment—now?" asked Yolette, breathless.

"With your permission," said Harewood, rising from his chair with a polite inclination of his bandaged head.

Hildé flushed with happiness. "Our permission," repeated Yolette; "oh, we are very, very glad to give it. And I hope, Monsieur, you will like the house—and I hope that the cannon-balls will not come at all."

Bourke repressed a smile and said he hoped they wouldn't. Harewood added seriously: "I am sure we shall be delighted—even with the cannon-balls."

Yolette ventured to smile a little; Hildé laughed outright. Bourke gave his arm to Harewood, saying good-night to Hildé and Yolette. When he had put Harewood to bed and tucked him in, he came downstairs again, two at a jump, and vaulted into his saddle.

As he galloped toward the Rue de Vaugirard, leading Harewood's horse, far away on the horizon a rocket mounted toward the stars—higher, higher, until the wake, showering the night with nebulous radiance, wavered, faded, and went out. And as he looked another rocket whizzed upward from the Point du Jour, leaving a double trail of incandescent dust crowned with clustered lights which drifted eastward and went out, one by one. Then night blotted the last live spark from the sky.

Harewood turned in his saddle. Over the southern forts the rim of a crimson disk appeared—a circle of smouldering fire, slowly rising like a danger-signal, red as blood. It was the harvest-moon of September.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HOUSE ON THE RAMPARTS.

The sun was shining through the blinds when Harewood awoke. He lay quite still, examining his new surroundings, and trying to remember where he was. The bandage on his head had stiffened; he untied it, and was gratified to discover that no serious damage had been accomplished by Mon Oncle. As he lay there, winking amiably in the sunlight, he heard somebody tramping about in the next room. Without moving, he opened his mouth and called "Bourke!"

"Hullo!" came the answer.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past seven; I'm nearly dressed."

"Is to-day Saturday?"

"Saturday, tenth of September, 1870," replied Bourke. A moment later he appeared at the door and inquired,

"How's your noddle?"

"All right," yawned Harewood; "how's your own?"

Bourke sat down at the foot of the bed and buttoned his collar, whistling gaily. "I saw Shannon and Malet last night," he said; "I met them on the Boulevard Montparnasse after I had stabled the horses. They are coming this morning. I asked them to wire to Stauffer and Speyer."

Harewood sniffed. "Stauffer seems to be all right," he observed; "but I can't stand Speyer."

"I don't like Speyer any better than you do, but we can't leave him out of a conference. What we've got to do is to hold a conference; I've telegraphed to Winston and

Sutherland; the whole crowd is to meet here at ten o'clock this morning." Harewood rubbed his battered head thoughtfully. "As for me," continued Bourke, "I know what I shall say."

"What?"

"This! I'm going to stay in Paris; the *New York Times* has sent me out to get all the news I can, and get it as soon as I can—"

"And transmit it as soon as you get it—"

"Exactly—"

"Which you can't do if you're cooped up in Paris. You'd better come to St. Cloud."

"Nobody is going to be cooped up in Paris. The fighting will be done here, and the fellows who leave Paris will miss the whole show. You will be badly fooled, my son, if you let Winston or old Sutherland persuade you to leave Paris."

"Shannon and Malet won't stay."

"Yes, they will. I don't care what Speyer does—I hope he gets out. But Tim, your precious *Boston Tribune*

"Downstairs, of course," said Bourke briskly; "it will be ready before you are. Get up." He went into his own room, whistling, and Harewood sprang out of bed and looked at his maltreated head in the mirror. "Lucky it wasn't my nose," he reflected, "since I'm to breakfast with young ladies."

When he had bathed and dressed and stood again before the looking-glass parting and reparting his hair, Bourke came and stood in the doorway. He was particularly well groomed and evidently aware of it.

"The one," said Harewood, making a mathematically equal division of his hair, "the one with the dark eyes, you know—what is her name, Bourke?"

"Hildé," said Bourke reflectively.

"Hildé—what?"

"Hildé Chalais. Don't pretend you've forgotten."

"Is she the older or the younger?"

"They're twins."

"How the devil did you find all that out?"

"I don't know," said Bourke sincerely; "really I

"Yes. I am glad we took the apartment."

"The—the one with the brown eyes—what did you say her name is?" asked Harewood without turning.

"I said her name was Hildé," answered Bourke drily; "the other is named Yvette. They are both pretty."

"Yes; they're both extremely ornamental," admitted Harewood.

Bourke looked at him sharply. "And they're as innocent as two kittens; you might as well know that. I don't mean wishy-washy; I mean they are really absolutely and deliciously good. Oh, you can see it at a glance. By the way, did you ever see such a perfect combination of deep blue eyes and silky purple-black hair, with a skin like snow—?"

"As—?"

"As Yvette's?"

"Oh, I've seen that in Ireland often," replied Harewood; "but I never before assisted at the colour-symphony which her sister presents—brown eyes and gilt-coloured hair."



"This is Schéhérazade's playground," said the girl, picking up a big painted Indian-rubber ball.

won't thank you for leaving Paris just as the orchestra is tuning up for the overture."

"But," persisted the other, "if we make our headquarters at St. Cloud or Versailles, we can see the entire circus, and also have the wires when we want them."

"No, we can't," replied Bourke; "if Paris is surrounded by the German armies, Versailles will lie directly in the path of investment. Your instructions and mine are to stay with the French army. How can we if we go to Versailles?"

"Well," said Harewood, "I want to hear what the other fellows say, and that ought to carry some weight with you, too," he added; "every big journal in New York will be represented."

"And some little ones, too."

"Oh, you mean Speyer's?"

Bourke nodded and rose. "Come, jump up," he said; "here's your tub. I had all our things brought over last night. Shall I pour the water in? There you are! Now hurry—and I forgot to tell you that I have made arrangements to take our meals in the house. It saves time."

Harewood looked up at him. "Yes, it saves time. Where do we take our breakfast, for example—with our hostesses?"

don't know. Somehow or other they told me. I saw them last night when I came back from the Vaugirard. We stood chattering on the stairs; you were asleep up here."

There was a silence, then Harewood spoke impatiently: "Well, what did they say?"

"I don't know; the whole thing is funny, anyway. It seems we are living over a bird-store. They told me the story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Go on."

"Well, it appears that these two young girls have been keeping house here for a year. Before that, their uncle kept it. His name was Chalais; he was erratic, I believe—a sort of soured *savant*. Anyway, he died a year ago, and these two girls had to leave their convent school and come here to run the place. I guess they haven't too much money; I believe old Chalais left nothing but debts and birds, and a few curses for the Government that refused him a berth. Two young German students had this apartment for several months, but they left without paying their rent, and I fancy nobody has been here since. That's all I know."

Harewood arranged his necktie twice before it satisfied him. "Rather rough on them, wasn't it?" he observed. "You say they are poor?"

"Gilt," laughed Bourke; "nice way you have of putting things."

"Oh well, come on, I'm ready. Does this bump on my head show much?"

When they reached the staircase that led into the bird-store, Hildé met them with shy reserve and led the way across the hall. They followed her to the parlour, which was also the dining-room. Yvette sat at a small mahogany table, solemnly watching the steaming kettle. She raised her clear eyes as they entered, and said good-morning with a smile that was at once apprehensive and confiding. The two young men made their bows, and Yvette poured out the *café au lait*. Her manner was that of a very young person unexpectedly burdened with tremendous responsibilities, which must be borne with self-possession.

"My sister and I," began Yvette, "dine at seven; would that hour suit you, Messieurs?" She spoke to both, looking at Bourke, perhaps because Harewood was looking at Hildé.

The two young men became at once very fluent in the French language. They explained with one voice that the régime of the house should be established on one basis, namely, the convenience of their hostesses. They insisted that neither of them was to be considered for one moment,

and they added that they desired to make some amends for the trouble they would give by placing their services at the disposal of their hostesses. Perhaps this was not the usual method of settling a business relation, but it answered to perfection, and before long the young girls felt their formality and shyness melting like frost at sunrise.

And how prettily they laughed at the young men's discomfiture when Schéhérazade, the lioness, bounded silently into the room and sprang on to the sofa. She lay there, purring and licking her padded paws, her tawny eyes mildly blinking at the company. Yolette ran over and leaned on the sofa beside her, one cheek pressed against the creature's velvety head.

"Her ancestors for generations have been born in captivity," explained Hildé to Harewood. "There is no more harm in her than in any house-cat. My uncle brought her up; my sister and I have always played with her."

"Were you startled?" said Yolette to Bourke. "Won't you come and be introduced?" Bourke went, a little slowly. The lioness, pleasantly indifferent, suffered him to pat her head.

Harewood contented himself with a distant observation of the splendid animal, and remained where, without seeming to do so, he could watch Hildé moving swiftly to and fro between the kitchen and parlour, removing cups and saucers and laying a cloth over the mahogany table.

"This room is also the smoking-room," she said gravely, as she passed the table with her arms full of cups and plates. "It was my uncle's custom to smoke here at all times." She stood looking down at Harewood—a faint smile in her brown eyes. Then she glanced at her sister.

"Of course," said Yolette, "it will be pleasant to smell tobacco in the house again." As before, she looked at Bourke when she spoke; and he, accepting the permission as a command, lighted his cigarette with a cheerful alacrity that made them all laugh.

The morning sun poured into the room; from the shop outside came the twittering of the birds, the chatter of the squirrel, and sharp screams from the parrot.

"Would you care to see them?" asked Hildé, still looking down at Harewood. "I will go with you when I have taken away the cups."

"Never mind the cups," said Yolette. "I will take them. It is time to change the water for the birds, Hildé."

Hildé went into the kitchen with the cups, and returned carrying a pitcher of fresh water. Harewood followed her, bowing to Yolette. She and Bourke were standing on either side of the lioness, pulling her ears and rubbing her hair the wrong way—attentions which Schéhérazade majestically ignored.

Presently Yolette laid her head against the creature's cheek, murmuring alternate terms of endearment and reproof. The lioness closed her eyes and purred ecstatically.

"What is her name?" asked Bourke.

"Schéhérazade. Her father's name was Djébo; his father's name was Saladin. I have the pedigree in a book, which I will show you some day. I am sure you think this is a strange household—full of lions and monkeys and birds. As for me, I should be very lonely without them; I have lived in the midst of them ever since I can remember, except when Hildé and I were at the Ursulines," she continued, pulling Schéhérazade's paws. "Although we keep a bird store, Hildé and I can't bear to sell our birds—we grow so fond of them; but of course we are obliged to sell them. We have sold none at all since the war began, although every week we have a place at the bird-market by the Hôtel de Ville. Tell me, Monsieur, were you frightened when you first saw Schéhérazade?"

"Scared to death," admitted Bourke gravely.

Yolette dragged Schéhérazade's big, lazy head up to her own face, and laughed gaily. "I meant to tell you about my lion, but I forgot. You must like her—won't you?"

Bourke patted the lion's paws discreetly. He was pleased to find that she had no claws. "Of course I shall like her. I am quite in love with her now," he said, with a little more confidence for this discovery. "Only—I hope she'll know me in the dark."

Yolette laughed again. "Perhaps you and Monsieur Harewood had better give me back the latch-keys, then—"

"No," said Bourke, "I think we'll retain them, if you will just remind her that late suppers produce indigestion. And—er—will you show me where she keeps herself at night?"

Yolette, greatly amused, assented, rising lightly and dragging Schéhérazade with her. Bourke followed through the kitchen, along a passage, and out into a garden full of trees and paths, surrounded by high stucco walls. A stone trough filled with very clear running water stood in the deep grass under the shadow of the wall. Beyond this stretched a tangle of grass, roses, and fruit-trees.

"This is Schéhérazade's playground," said the girl, picking up a big painted indiarubber ball, which she tossed out into the grass with the charming awkwardness that attacks the gentler sex when throwing or catching anything. The lioness, much gratified, bounded after the ball, seized it, patted it first with one paw, then with the other, and finally lay down, biting the ball and scratching it with her hind toes.

Bourke observed this pleasing performance in silence. When Schéhérazade gambolled and frisked he nodded

approvingly; when she slouched heavily off to a thicket of rose-bushes, carrying the ball in her mouth, he expressed himself as edified. But, to tell the truth, he was far from experiencing that sense of repose in the company of Schéhérazade that ho felt was expected of him. "It's a fine lion," he said, after a moment or two, "but perhaps one needs time to appreciate lions. Shall we go and examine the birds?"

Yolette smiled and led the way into the bird-store.

Harewood and Hildé, standing together by the window, looked up quickly as Yolette entered. At the same moment Hildé dropped the pitcher of water.

"Why, Hildé," exclaimed Yolette, "you have broken our blue pitcher! Dear me! Look at the floor!"

Hildé's consternation and Harewood's forced gaiety jarred on Bourke. He looked at Hildé's flushed face, then at his comrade, who returned his glance mutinously. Yolette brought a mop; Hildé, with a breathless smile at her sister, picked up a fragment of the pitcher-handle and held it out at arm's length, until Harewood took it and set himself to gather up the other scattered bits of blue china. "You see," he said lightly, "I've just been bitten by the squirrel and the monkey, and I was courting further mutilation from the parrot yonder when the pitcher fell and saved me. Mademoiselle, I am very sorry that my salvation was at the expense of your pitcher."

"Your salvation is expensive, but we must have it," said Bourke. There was a touch of sarcasm in his voice that made Harewood's ears tingle. Yolette explained

"I don't see why you say that to me," said Harewood sharply.

"I only meant, for myself as well as you, that we're got to be careful. You know as well as I do that what is called flirtation in America is not understood in France. They would take anything like that seriously." Harewood was silent. "Of course I'm more or less susceptible to a pretty face," continued Bourke; "so are you, if your reputation doesn't belie you—"

"Let my reputation alone," interrupted Harewood.

"Yes; it's not a subject for analytical discussion. As I say, I'm not insensible myself; but in this case we—in short, we absolutely must not make asses of ourselves."

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Harewood crossly.

"The matter is, that I think we had better be clear about this situation from the beginning. Heaven knows, we shall be busy enough with our own affairs, and they will be with theirs; and as for our leisure hours, if we have any, don't you think we can employ them more safely than in hanging around two dangerously pretty girls?"

"Can't a man talk to them without making love to them?" demanded Harewood hotly.

"Can you?" asked Bourke, in his turn.

Harewood shrugged his shoulders. "I can behave myself," he observed, "if I try."

"You never have," retorted Bourke. "It's as natural to you to make love as it is to breathe. You never are serious, and you usually make mischief some way or other. You can't say I ever interfered before; but I tell you, Jim, I think it would be an infernal shame to trouble the peace of mind of Hildé Chalais."

"So do I," said Harewood. "Let's drop the subject." They stood up, looking at each other. Harewood coloured and laughed. "I can't help it," he said; "I've gone too far already, Cecil."

"Already?" cried Bourke incredulously.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!" groaned Bourke, "you don't mean to say you've begun already?"

"Yes; I'm sorry; it was thoughtless."

"You—you haven't made love to her in these few minutes? Jim, it's impossible!" Harewood moved uneasily.

"Yes, I have."

"Seriously?"

"Not very."

"You—you didn't kiss her?" Harewood was silent. Bourke looked at him in amazement. "Not Hildé?" Still Harewood made no answer. After a moment's silence Bourke sat down on the steps and swore under his breath.

Harewood stood by, restless and ashamed. "You understand, Cecil," he said, in a low voice; "that was a confession, not a boast. I'm infernally sorry—she looks so dainty and sweet—you know how thoughtless I am about such things—"

"Oh, hang it all," burst out Bourke, "what do I care? If a girl lets a man kiss her like that, by Jove! she can take the consequences." Harewood wanted to speak, but Cecil interrupted him. "I was mistaken in the girl—that's all. She looks as innocent as a white kitten behind a milk-jug, and she is—just as innocent. They're all alike. Go on and spoon if you choose; it's none of my business."

"Cecil," began Harewood, "you don't think—"

"No," interrupted Bourke, "I don't think you're a blackguard, Jim; but it's a selfish pastime, this useless awakening of a woman's heart. What I fear is that you and Hildé will get into a serious love affair, and it will perhaps leave one of you unhappy. And that won't be you, you know, Jim."

"I don't know," said the other, as a queer light flashed in his eyes for a moment; then he laughed. "Anyway, don't take it seriously. We were standing close together when that infernal monkey bit me. Hildé cried 'Oh!' so prettily and looked so grieved, that I—I just put my arm round her waist; then she looked at me so—well—so—oh, the devil, how do I know! Let's forget it; won't you? There are some things a man ought to shut up about."

"I don't ask your confidence," said Cecil morosely.

"You're the only man who has ever had it. As for this child, the whole incident was innocent and harmless enough. I've half forgotten it, and she will completely in no time at all."

"All right," said Bourke; "here come Winston and Sutherland. They're in time; it's just ten."

(To be continued.)

#### DEATH OF MR. BAYARD.

The "persisteant youthfulness" attributed to Mr. Bayard at the age of seventy by Mr. Secretary Ilay was one of his charms, and it adds a pang to the pain with which his many old friends in this country have heard of his death. His career in diplomacy and International Law was a distinguished one; and he was a most welcome representative of the United States wherever she sent him as her Minister. His singular receptiveness and his entire integrity made it impossible for him ever to act a mean, still less a malicious part; and his stay in England gave him a high appreciation of our habits and fashions. It was while he was in office here that the status of United States Minister was raised by the Queen to that of Ambassador; and when he lay dying last week at the house of his daughter at Dedham, Massachusetts, the news that her Majesty had sent him and his family a message of sympathy took back his mind in his last moments to the city in which he had held his last official position.



THE LATE MR. BAYARD.

Photo Tadman, Stanstead Essex.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Town Traveller.* By George Gissing. (Methuen and Co.)  
*The Ways of a Widow.* By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. White and Co.  
*A Harvest Festival.* By J. Kent. (Fisher Unwin.)  
*Honesteine.* By E. H. Lason Watson. (Grant Richards.)  
*To Arms!* By Andrew Balfour. (Methuen and Co.)  
*Life in a Modern Monastery.* By Joseph McCabe. Formerly Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F. (Grant Richards.)  
*Underland.* A Romance of Swaziland. By A. Davis. (Fisher Unwin.)  
*The Starling.* A Scotch Story. By Norman Macleod. (Burnet and Webster.)

In "The Town Traveller" we have another of Mr. George Gissing's pictures of London life, hard and true as a photograph, but a photograph taken and developed and touched up by an artist. The town traveller himself is a masterly picture of the florid bagman, an incarnation of vulgarity from the social standpoint, but genial, generous, honest, and even, according to his dim lights, honourable. But the gem of the book, "the captain jewel in the carcanet," is Miss Polly Sparkes, an absolutely ideal 'Arriet. She is so real in her quarrels and courtships, in her relations to her father, her aunt, her friends and enemies, in her adoration of the man who masters her, in her scorn of the man who adores her, and above all, perhaps, in her letters, as to seem to walk out of the frame. Indeed, the whole story is so realistic that the Lord Polperro romance and mystification seem as incredible as they are out of keeping—a startling strand to be woven into homespun.

"The Ways" of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's "Widow" are not the ways of peace and pleasantness. She is as heartless and natural a little flirt as ever figured in a novel, or, for that matter, in the world. She deals with her lovers as a girl with her dolls, flinging the last but one aside to make room for the very last, especially when the very last is the very grandest. She throws over the hero, when a doffment, to marry a rich man, and when his death and the death of the hero's eldest brother make her old lover eligible and attainable, she accepts and absorbs him till Sir George Bartley appears upon the scene, when her old love is again flung aside—this time to his own immeasurable relief. Indeed, the clopement together of these two scamps is a double blessing to the hero, since it not only sets him free from the widow, but sets the heroine free from Sir George, to whom this too ingenuous *ingénue* had bound herself merely because the hero was bound to the widow. Mrs. Lovett Cameron has arranged her chain of cross purposes so ingeniously that it needs only the ballet-girl, who has a lien upon Sir George, to intervene for everything to go as right as it had hitherto gone wrong—when the bull proceeds to drink the water the water quenches the fire, the fire burns the stick, etc.

"A Harvest Festival" is a singularly powerful picture of the misery a village Nero—a "gentleman-farmer" who grinds the poor to powder between the upper and nether millstone of the gentleman and the farmer—can inflict in a parish. His charity begins at home by crushing the very soul out of his hapless wife, who is identified by his dependents with his tyrannies, which yet revolt her most of all; nor does the noble martyrdom of her death rehabilitate her in the parish. Mr. Kent describes the "set grey life and apathetic end" of the English agricultural labourer with so much power and pathos through the lips of the Vicar's daughter that we are almost moved to agree with her original views of the suppression of dog, cock, and prize-fighting. "The rich, the law-making class, became too refined for prize-fighting. As a body, they had ceased to enjoy it. They dropped it for themselves rightly enough, and they wrenched it away from the poor, who had not ceased to enjoy it. Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, cudgel-play, wrestling—as soon as the rich ceased to find their pleasure in them, they said to the poor: 'No more of that!' And what took their places in the life of the poor? Nothing."

Some of the papers in Mr. Lason Watson's "Benedictine: Sketches of Married Life" were, perhaps, worth reprinting, but the bulk of them are far too thin, so to say, for bottling. Many of them, indeed, read like the padding which the frivolous skip in a novel, and this art of skipping, and the no less unprincipled art of dipping, will alone make the volume acceptable "to the general."

Much of Mr. Andrew Balfour's "To Arms" may also be skipped with advantage by a judicious reader, since the story is somewhat rambling and disjointed. It is told in the first person by the hero, who is by no means taken at once into the reader's good graces. He seems at first selfish, self-willed, ill-conditioned, and ungrateful, but improves with time and under the discipline of trial and trouble, and we do not grudge him at the end the hand of the heroine, though both by right and by merit it belonged to his rival and tutor. The story is well written and abounds with adventures, and may be commended to those who are as yet unsupplied with Scotch historical novels. One cannot help relishing, however, Scott's complaint in his preface to "Ivanhoe" that his imitators had poached into mud the crystal spring he was the first to discover in a desert.

No doubt Mr. Joseph McCabe, formerly the Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F., lets in a light which is not roseate upon "Life in a Modern Monastery," since a deserter must needs make good his desertion, but neither can there be any doubt of the truth of much that he tells us in the most circumstantial detail. From it we may infer that a modern monastery is but a childish mediæval survival—a *cupum mortuum*, from which all that is spiritual has evaporated. Mr. McCabe's summing up of the case pro and con, that monks are neither better nor worse than laymen, is certainly not justified by his Queen's evidence. If men sworn to such sanctity are not better, they must be worse than the average layman, and worse not merely by the addition of the cloak of hypocrisy to the weight of the sins it covers. But in all points of common morality—in drunkenness, gluttony, malversation, and lying—the friars, according to their late colleague, are incomparably lower than the laymen who revere them as saintly ascetics.

Even the cases they hear in the confessional are so far from being sacred to them that they are made the subject of the grossest after-dinner table-talk.

It seems almost a pity that Mr. Davis's familiar knowledge of Swaziland, derived from a long residence in it, should not have been utilised in the production of a matter-of-fact account of the country and its not uninteresting people, instead of supplying the raw material of a mere fiction. Carlyle's venerable mother, after reading her son's translation of "Wilhelm Meister," announced as a discovery which had surprised her that "foreigners have the same feelings as ourselves." No doubt this is true of African savages as well as of Goethe's Germans. But when the former furnish almost exclusively the subject-matter of a fiction it is difficult for the novelist not to credit his leading personages with "feelings" which are more those of civilised and cultured Europeans than of untutored African savages. Mr. Davis cannot be said to have escaped this obvious temptation, and in the eyes of adult readers his volume suffers accordingly. But even for these there is much that is interesting and instructive in his vivid descriptions of scenery and of life in Swaziland, bearing, as these do, the unmistakable stamp of reality. Youthful readers will enjoy without misgivings a volume full of romantic vicissitudes and thrilling incidents.

More than thirty years have elapsed since the issue of the first edition of "The Starling." It was one of the Scottish tales and sketches with which the late Norman Macleod precluded the appearance of the literature of the Kailyard, in spite of the triumphs of which "The Starling" is still in demand, this new edition of it being its eleventh. Its modest popularity is the more noticeable because, although its author was a pillar of the Scottish Kirk, who had filled its highest offices and was one of the most renowned of its preachers, evidently the object with which it was written was to show that the Presbyterian system has its weak as well as its strong side, and that its mechanism may be converted by conscientious bigots into an engine of gross religious and social tyranny. Some readers of the new generation which has grown up since the story was first published may learn from it how the possession of a starling, trained to pronounce a few innocent words, could involve its worthy owner in an unjust persecution by his minister and fellow elders, and in ostracism by the inhabitants of his village. The moral of the well-written and interesting story has still, doubtless, a lesson to teach, and the original and ingenious conception is worked out with considerable felicity. "The Starling" deserves a permanent place in Scottish fiction.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Messrs. Constable have placed book-lovers under an obligation by the publication of their beautiful edition of "Fielding's Works." Fielding, although by universal acknowledgment our greatest novelist, has not been as well treated by the publishers as some other of the older writers. There are many fine editions of Sir Walter Scott and of Jane Austen, and even of Richardson we have the twelve handsome volumes which bear the imprint of Messrs. Sothenay. Most of the modern editions of Fielding have very poor print, and Messrs. Constable may claim the distinction of having given us the best modern edition of the author of "Tom Jones." The first and second volumes contain "Joseph Andrews." There is a delightful introductory essay by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

In Mr. Gosse's essay on Fielding he casually refers to "the higher journalism." It is curious how little the existence of this higher journalism is recognised by the more able novelists of the day. I have just read "The Journalist" by Mr. C. F. Keary, and "Rodent's Corner" by "Henry Seton Merriman." In both these books I find presentations of journalism to which I demur. Mr. Keary gives us the conversation of a certain literary club and the staff of a certain literary journal as it has appeared to him. I am told by a distinguished literary friend that he had seen the club in question and the journalists in question under much the same conditions. Otherwise I should have said that the favourable reviews of Mr. Keary's book were all written by women who, knowing nothing of clubland, were attracted by the undeniably high qualities of the latter half of Mr. Keary's book. Certain it is that the world of journalism that Mr. Keary describes is quite dead, and deserved to die. Let no reader out of London be misled by the charm of Mr. Keary's story and by the subtle presentation of its two leading characters to suppose that there is any journalist in London to-day whose club chatter is quite as futile as Mr. Keary describes.

What H. S. Merriman thinks of the journalists is also noteworthy: "There was a choice of wines, and notably some bottles of champagne on a side table. 'For the journalists,' explained Roden, 'I have a number of them coming this afternoon to witness the arrival of the first batch of amalgamite makers. There is nothing like judicious advertisement. We have invited a number of newspaper correspondents. We give them champagne and pay their expenses. If you will be a little friendly, they would like it immensely. They of course know who you are—a little flattery, you understand.'" Mr. Scott ought to be told, before he writes another novel, that he has no right to call this class of person, if he exists, a journalist.

Mr. Scott, or Mr. Merriman, whichever he may prefer to be called, may also be begged, in the interest of the English language and for the example of the despised journalist, not to use such words as "fictionist" and "scientist." As well talk about a "mutual" friend or of "voicing" the sentiments of the masses. The one word has been immortalised by Dickens; the other is in Elizabethan literature; but both are unpardonable in modern writing and speaking. It is curious, by the way, to notice that both Mr. Keary and Mr. Merriman quote a great deal of German in their books, but both are guilty of a most un-German use

of the little word "von." Mr. Keary's "Von Steineck" should, of course, be "von Steinbeck"; Mr. Merriman's "Von Holzen" should in every case be "von Holzen." This is a most elementary point which the reading of any single German novel or newspaper should have made obvious. But the authors have allowed the printers' readers to provide them with current English newspaper usage, and here they are wrong.

Let me say here, although it is not my intention to criticise "Rodent's Corner," that it makes much better reading as a completed novel than it did as a serial. In *Harper's Magazine* it seemed hopelessly dull. As a bound volume it is an impressive story. Major White is the best thing of the kind since Major Dobbin.

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Mrs. or Miss Black, that has just been published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier in the "Famous Scot" series, is not by any means one of the best books in that interesting collection. The writer knew Mr. Stevenson and his family during his early life, and presents us with many charming characteristics of the great novelist; but she has not taken sufficient pains to secure much of the interesting material about Stevenson which has long been available in many quarters. Several diligent literary men that I know would have written a far better book on Stevenson than this; but, on the other hand, it is readable from cover to cover.

Miss Black need not make the slightest apology for having published this life of Stevenson in the "Famous Scot" series. The fact that Mr. Sidney Colvin is about to publish an authorised biography has really nothing to do with the matter. In the first place, the very fact of a series condones much, and it was less presumptuous of Miss Black to anticipate Professor Colvin than it was, say, of Mr. Leslie Stephen to follow Boswell and write a life of Johnson for the "English Men of Letters" series. Both proceedings are, of course, perfectly legitimate, and "S. G." who writes the literary gossip in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, must be a singularly ill-informed person, very little conversant with the customs that usually obtain in such cases. Sir John Hawkins was perfectly entitled to write a life of Johnson before Boswell; neither book can be said with any accuracy to be authorised; but it is the suffrage of the public that has declared Boswell's to be a literary treasure and Sir John Hawkins's book to be extinct.

When Cowper died, Hayley and Grimshawe had the most right to publish his life and letters: their books are dead, while Southey's—which was published in distinct antagonism to Cowper's surviving friends—still lives. Take Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." It was published contrary to the wish of her husband, but with the consent of her father: both father and husband were equally annoyed when they read the book. Mr. Froude's life of Carlyle is, perhaps, the latest example where the most intimate friends of the deceased and his biographer were in direct antagonism. Mr. Froude was Carlyle's authorised biographer, but I think that if anyone hated him thoroughly after the book was produced it was the niece who lived with Carlyle all the declining years of his life. It is impossible, therefore, to take any ethical stand with regard to the rights of biography; the verdict of some later public must be the ultimate test. One would be sorry to anticipate the verdict of the public on Mr. Colvin's book. It will probably be a delightful work. The only danger is that the public will have had too much of Stevenson before it appears, and, with the characteristic fickleness of our time, will be seeking after new gods. If that is the case, it will not be the fault of Miss Black, but of even more intimate friends of Stevenson, who have written him up too assiduously.

It is perhaps absurd to take "S. G." of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—who, I learn from the *Manchester Guardian*, is a Mr. Stephen Gwynne—to seriously, because he is clearly not a lover of books. He asks in a recent issue why the publishers do not cut the books that they issue. This question has been asked many times before; but there is, of course, an obvious answer. The bibliophile who buys a book is of more importance to the publisher than the reviewer who gets it for nothing. I do not mean to say that the reviewer is not of very great importance; but he has to review the book whether the publisher sends it to him cut or uncut, whether it is sent to him with or without covers. If he sends it stamped all over with hideous disfigurements, it must still be noticed. One thinks the more highly of the publisher who extends certain courtesies to the reviewer—who sends him a book, for example, quite unfigured; but that publishers should cut their books because this or that reviewer has to read through so many volumes per annum is absurd.

The bibliophile, I repeat, who buys these books delights in the privilege of cutting them, and delights, further, in the fine margins which are secured by their edges being left uncut. I myself, only a day or two ago, experienced this delight of handling a good paper-knife over the "Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve," which Messrs. Longmans had just had the kindness to send to me. I venture to say that my pleasure in studying that most attractive and fascinating book was greatly enhanced by the use of the paper-knife the while. But then I had not got a commission from the editor of a newspaper to provide him with four or five columns of extracts for the very next morning. How far, however, it would be worth while for publishers of the type of Messrs. Longmans to alienate the old-fashioned bookbuyer who, after having taken the *Edinburgh Review* uncut for fifty years, perhaps wants to make acquaintance with the biography of its editor—how far, I say, it would be worth while to throw over this old customer for the sake of the modern reviewer who "guts" the book on the day of issue—is a question which the publishers themselves must decide. As the principle of leaving all good books uncut has obtained for long years now, in spite of occasional protests from the Philistine reviewer, it is to be presumed the practice will go on to the end of the chapter.

C. K. S.

## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

A statue of Samuel de Champlain has been set up in Quebec, the city of which he was the founder in the year 1608. He was a geographer of renown, and he had been Governor of New France for a couple of years when he died in 1635. It is the Quebec of English dominion that now honours him, Frenchman as he was, with a statue; and in that act buries all the bitterness of feuds which since his day have been fought out

in those very streets, secured to England by the victory of Wolfe. The descendants of English and French settlers stood together to see the statue unveiled; and from two English men-of-war were fired the salutes which express Great Britain's willing homage to this unforgetten pioneer from France, who builded greater and other than he knew.



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, FOUNDER OF QUEBEC.

Mr. Christopher Sykes, whose serious illness has been announced, is really an old man; but because he is Sir Tatton Sykes's younger brother and a bachelor, and is best known as a clubman and a delightful host and guest in a country-house, the public has a difficulty in realising that in two or three months he will be sixty-nine. Though a younger son, he has a place of his own in Yorkshire; and at Brantingham Thorpe he has entertained members of the royal family, with whom he has had more numerous and closer friendships than perhaps any other commoner. His only regret probably is that his popularity as a companion takes him so much away from his own home, for he is a man racy of the Yorkshire soil, and devoted to all its sports. This summer he had been more in request than ever, staying with the Duke of Cambridge at Homburg, then with the Prince of Wales on board his yacht, and afterwards at Osborne. Thence he went far north to Mar Lodge, and was in perfect health when he said goodbye to the Duchess of Fife, with whom he has been a first favourite ever since her childhood. His next visit was to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at North Berwick, and there it was that he had the paralytic stroke which has affected his limbs and his speech, and is the cause of much anxiety among his friends.

The last exhibition at the Royal Academy was a memorable one for portraiture; and in this department, at any rate, next May's show is likely to have a serious decline. Mr. Sargent, R.A., for instance, with his eight portraits at Burlington House this year, is giving his sitters a holiday, and, for his own change and rest, is doing some of the decorative work which most delights him. He has, however, a portrait of Lady Faudel-Phillips to the good, which was not finished in time for exhibition this year. There are rumours, too, of a commission from a very distinguished sitter which next May will no doubt see fulfilled.

When the late Sir George Grey was Governor of Cape Colony he projected a great hospital scheme for British Kaffraria, with a view to the overthrow of witch-doctoring. The scheme was never fully carried out as its projector intended, but the Grey Hospital at King William's Town remains to commemorate the wisdom of our great Colonial administrator. To this day the hospital is in full working order, and is largely



THE GREY HOSPITAL AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

patronised by blacks and whites. The institution is beautifully situated on rising ground. It is conducted with admirable economy, its annual expenditure being less than £3000. Some idea of its activity may be got from the returns of 1896, which were 102 European and 275 native in-patients, and 4265 out-patients. The present superintendent is Dr. Ben Blaine. The hospital was founded in 1856.

The new submarine boat, the *Argonaut*, has returned to New York after a series of experiments in Chesapeake Bay. The vessel is practically a locomotive. It is capable of acting entirely independently not only for wrecking operations but for submarine work of all kinds. It has four wheels furnished with huge teeth that grip the bed of the ocean when the vessel is being propelled.

Toynbee Hall held high festival on Saturday evening, when the Warden—Canon Barnett—and his wife dispensed the hospitalities of that most interesting head-centre of practical philanthropy, and when the talk was such as suited the place and the occasion. This settlement of the West in the East was designed, said the Warden, to bring together the rich and poor, the learned and unlettered, "to raise up the lowly and to bring down the haughty." That last clause is a levelling programme; it looks well on paper, and one would like to hear how it works out in practical life. As a rule, the Superior Person is made more superior by association with Inferiority. The Prido that goes to Toynbee Hall ought, by all precedents, to come away the prouder. But does Prido go that way at all? Surely not. It is precisely by unsophisticated and therefore humble men and women that most of these magnificent "settlements" are carried on.

Were it otherwise, there would be a flaw in the Warden's own denunciation of ignorance as the enemy. All the same, the association between the rich and the poor is mutually instructive; and it may be questioned whether these peculiarly modern creations, part monastery, part club, part college, part workshop, and part play-room, which were planned to ameliorate the conditions of the East, may not, in the long run, do quite as much or more to ameliorate the conditions of the West.

The Archbishop of Canterbury must have had a vision of many pleasant days when he went down to Rugby on Saturday and reopened the school chapel, which has been enlarged, at a cost of £6000, subscribed by the old boys as a memorial to the late Rev. Philip Bowden Smith, Assistant Master of the school. Forty years have passed since his Grace became Master of Rugby, and in that time education has undergone many changes. The Archbishop also unveiled a stained-glass window in memory of Dean Goulburn, formerly Head Master of the school, and a marble bust of Archbishop Benson. His Grace made a fine reference to his predecessor in the see. The two clerics had known one another for nearly half a century, having met at Rugby.

The Alexander III. Bridge in Paris will not be built in a day. The fact is that many of the works connected with the Exhibition of 1900 are at a standstill owing to the strike of labourers. The Metropolitan Railway is especially behindhand. The Invalides



THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE AT PARIS.

Station for the new short line along the river-bank has scarcely progressed beyond the foundations. A steel lattice bridge, by means of which the great girders of the Alexander III. Bridge are to be laid without interrupting the boat-traffic, has been started across the bed of the river, but has not yet reached the left bank. The two principal Exhibition buildings, the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, adjoining the Champs Elysées, are in a comparatively advanced stage, but very few men are now at work on them.

London has at last discovered that she is within an hour's distance from Brighton; and at no very wonderful pace even so, for the mileage is but fifty and three-quarters. However, the journey has hitherto taken sixty-five minutes by express, and the train that left Victoria last Sunday morning at eleven and reached Brighton half a minute before twelve, supersedes one that took twenty minutes longer for the trip. As Brighton's season begins just now, when that of most other watering-places is ending, this first-fruit of the general management of Mr. Gooday is a timely one from every point of view.

Yet another Sunday improvement, welcome to an enormous and very patient population, has been set afoot. This is the addition of a cloak-room to the usual offices of a church. Such a provision is so obvious a gain to the comfort of worshippers, and even to their health, that a County Council might almost have demanded its inclusion in any plans they were asked to approve. But the reform has come from the clergy themselves; and appeals for funds to build new churches will now, no doubt, commonly contain the ingratiating promise of this new feature, by which places of worship will cease to be the most inhospitable of all public buildings to the hat, the umbrella, the dripping garment of those who pass hours a week within its walls. Even architects, one imagines, will rejoice in the evolution of a new feature; and no doubt some more mediæval name than "cloak-room" will henceforth appear on plans beside those of the sacristy, the lych-gate, and the belfry.

A correspondent sends us the accompanying picture of the French gun-boat which is stationed in the Menam. The presence of the vessel, he informs us, is not looked upon altogether with equanimity by the English community in Siam, as it is regarded as contrary to the agreement entered into between Great Britain and France in January 1896.

In that contract both countries undertook not to advance any armed force into the whole of the Menam Valley. Up to that time a British gun-boat had also been stationed there, but after the agreement it was withdrawn, and has since then paid only one visit, of a few days' duration, to Bangkok. The French gun-boat, our correspondent says, is never absent, except when performing duties in connection with the Consulate or when practising its guns in the Gulf. He considers that we are not sufficiently alive to our interests in Siam, and that meanwhile the French in Bangkok are doing all they can by subsidies to build up fictitious interests. In the north, he informs us, they have marched armed forces into the guaranteed sphere. This certainly seems, to say the least of it, a liberal if not an extravagant interpretation of the agreement. Our correspondent does not tell us the number of the "armed forces," nor the armament of the offending gun-boat.



FRENCH GUN-BOAT AT BANGKOK.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE: VIEWS AT CANDIA.



HUTS OF TELEGRAPH STATION GUARD.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AND MEN'S HUTS.



THE HARBOUR.



FORT AND OFFICERS' MESS.



GENERAL VIEW OF HEADQUARTERS

Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



VIEW OF HEADQUARTERS FROM CANEA BASTION.



Bash-Bazouks.

A GROUP AT HEADQUARTERS.

Turkish Guard.



RUINED STREET AND GATE LEADING TO THE HARBOUR.

## DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The tidings of the death of the Queen of Denmark were heard of necessity in England with a double regret—regret for the passing away of her Majesty from the group of which she had been a memorable figure, and regret for the grief of the Princess of Wales, her favourite daughter. The health of the Queen had been precarious for some time, and the recurrence of attacks of the heart had made her departure a possibility at almost any time during the last month. Her family, therefore, were gathered about her, and on her death-bed she was devotedly tended by those dearest to her, "and watched by weeping Queens"—the Empress-Dowager of Russia, the Queen of Greece, and the rest. For the last three days she could take only champagne, and she had been unconscious for most of the night when she died early on Thursday morning last week. The King of Denmark, the King of Greece, and the Princess of Wales took turns in holding the dying Queen's hands, and at times she opened her eyes almost as if in recognition. When all was over, the scene by the bedside was affecting in the extreme. The aged Emperor embraced the dead body of his consort of so many years; and the other members of the bereaved family embraced each other, unable to control their grief. The Duke of York has left London to join his mother and to attend the funeral next week, returning, as it were, the journey his grandmother made to England on the occasion of his own marriage. She came again for the marriage of Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Maud. "The Queen loved London," the Danish Minister writes in acknowledgment of London's mourning; and it may be said that it was on England's behalf as well as her own that the first wreath was laid upon her coffin by the hands of the Princess of Wales.

The facts of the Queen's life are nearly as familiar as her features and her figure, beautiful to the last. Louise Wilhelmina, third daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel, she was also a first cousin, on her mother's side, of the Duke of Cambridge and the late Duchess of Teck. Born in 1817, she was carefully educated in Copenhagen, and she made the acquaintance of her cousin, Prince Christian, when he was a University student at Bonn. The marriage of the remarkably handsome couple was celebrated in 1842, and they settled in the Yellow Palace at Copenhagen, where they brought up their children in elegance, if in comparative poverty, until Prince Christian succeeded to the crown of his uncle. The love her children bore the late Queen is a matter of notoriety, and their constant visits to her were often the occasion of the friendly envy of other mothers of scattered families. At Bernstorff or Amalienborg great family parties gathered; and there, too, were entertained eminent masters of the two arts the Queen most loved, music and painting. Her life was uneventful politically, apart from the fears she had that the little kingdoms, and Denmark among them, must suffer absorption into the big ones; and she did not love Germany for bringing that menace most closely home to her. But her end was peace. She died a beloved Queen, and the mother of half the rulers of Europe, past, present, or to be.

It is not generally known that two English Princesses have been Queens of Denmark. Princess Louisa, the youngest of the five daughters of George II., married Frederick V. of Denmark in 1743, and died eight years later; while her niece, Princess Caroline Matilda, married Christian VII. It remains to be pointed out that the death of Queen Louise renders the position of our own Queen, in

point of age, more isolated than ever among the sovereigns of Europe. Queen Victoria is two years the junior of the dead Queen. The two Queens did not meet very often, for Queen Louise was not much of a traveller. Rather did she prefer to gather her children round her in Denmark.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day Empress Augusta was talking to her daughter-in-law, the present Empress Frederick, who had been complaining to her of the difficulty she experienced now and again of keeping her children in order. We need not, therefore, take it that those youngsters were more unruly

in the case with epitaphs, it would be practically true. More than once in these columns I have called the family of Christian IX. of Denmark "a lucky family"—i.e., from the point of view of magnificent alliances; for it would be idle to deny that royal marriages are exempt from the trials and drawbacks and incompatibilities of temperament that beset unions of humbler born mortals. But there is no princely house in Europe which, starting from such a comparatively modest basis as the Sonderburg-Glücksburgs, has secured such brilliant matrimonial bonds.

And much of those advantages was no doubt secured to Queen Louise's daughters by their bringing-up. Up to the beginning of this century, the German princely families were the usual providers of brides for nearly all

the crowned heads of Europe and their heirs, and the brides themselves were not always willing parties to the contract. To go back no farther than the latter end of the last century, the ill-fated wife of our George IV. would have preferred to remain a herobore German Count, where she had formed some semi-platonic, semi-romantic attachment to a Lieutenant of her father's Guards. When Catherine of Württemberg was told that she was to marry the great Napoleon's youngest brother, she ran, as if distracted, through the corridors of her parent's palace, shouting: "Whatever happens, I won't give up my lovely trumpeter." Marie Louise, in reality, never loved her husband; she consented to be his worshipper. When her heart and passions spoke, she became the worshipper of a man who, whatever his personal worth, both privately and as a soldier was as Primrose Hill to the Himalayas.

Enough. A great deal of that waywardness of young and marriageable Princesses springs unquestionably from temperament, for we must not forget those verses of dear, happy-go-lucky, but withal philosophic, La Fontaine—

Filles de sang royal ne déclarent guerre;  
Tout se passe dans leur jeu,  
ce qui les fascine bien.  
Car elles sont de cœur, comme  
les bergères.

But the mother must be there to prevent their behaving like shepherdesses. Whether Queen Louise understood this at the beginning of her matronly duties we need not inquire. Even then the rank she occupied must have made her aware that other considerations than absolute, mutual, and undivided affection often preside at princely unions.

Blood royal does not travel first-class, it has a drawing room car to itself, and the same arrangements prevail in their marriages. This Queen Louise impressed



THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.—FOUR GENERATIONS: THE KING, THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, AND LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

than others of the same age and less exalted position, but, as a matter of course, they had their fits of too exuberant animal spirits, and the then Crown Princess of Prussia, who was at that moment, as she was nearly always, engaged in some serious philanthropic project, may have grown somewhat fretful under the circumstances. "What am I to do with them?" insisted the Crown Princess. "Ask your mother," replied the Empress; then, after a slight pause, she changed her mind. "No, do not ask your mother, she always had all of you dangling round her skirts, too, when she was your age; she was always frightened that the mother might be lost in the Queen; ask your sister-in-law's mother; ask Queen Louise. There is an equal proportion of the Queen and the mother about her, and I know of no better brought-up children than hers."

If one could cut that sentence of Empress Augusta's on Queen Louise of Denmark's tombstone, it would constitute the finest epitaph ever recorded in a royal mausoleum; and what is better still, and not always

notably upon her daughters. She did not preach loveless marriages, but she guarded her female offspring from romantic attachments to which there could be no rational sequel, and was thus enabled to give at least two of her daughters heartwhole to their husbands. The sad love-story of her daughter Dagmar, the present Dowager Empress of Russia, could not have been foreseen, and least of all prevented, by the most careful mother. Yet it was owing to her mainly that the bereaved fiancée endeavoured to replace the image of the dead elder brother by that of his living younger one, and with happy results. She had never occasion to say either to Princess Alexandra, Princess Dagmar or Thym: "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." She had taught them the wisdom "de ne pas aimer avant d'avoir." That was her principal rôle, and there are at least five princely couples in Europe who will venerate her memory for that piece of sound sense, as well as for her private virtues and amiable, albeit firm, character.

## THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK: "A MOTHER OF KINGS"—THREE GENERATIONS OF THE DANISH ROYAL HOUSE.



THE ELDEST SON (THE CROWN PRINCE) AND HIS HEIR (PRINCE CHRISTIAN).



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER (THE PRINCESS OF WALES) AND HER SON (THE DUKE OF YORK).



THE SECOND SON (THE KING OF GREECE) AND HIS HEIR (THE DUKE OF SPARTA).



THE SECOND DAUGHTER (DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA) AND HER SON (THE TSAR).



THE THIRD SON (PRINCE WALDEMAR) AND HIS HEIR (PRINCE AGE).



THE THIRD DAUGHTER (DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND) AND HER SON (PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM).



THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.



THE KING OF DENMARK.



THE MARBLE ROOM, AMALIENBORG, SHOWING CASES CONTAINING ROBES OF DECEASED MONARCHS OF DENMARK.

In the whole history of dynasties nothing equals the remarkable romance attaching to the six children of the dead Queen. Consider some figures. Denmark proper, with an area of 15,289 square miles, is not even twice the size of Wales; its population is less than half that of London. The entire Danish Empire, with its 10,993 square miles, is less than half the United Kingdom. What has been the result of the marriage of the Queen with the King of Greece; her second daughter, the Dowager Empress of Russia; and her eldest daughter, our own Princess Louise? The result is that Denmark is represented by close on twenty-one millions of square miles of the world. The figures simply beggar description, and even the rise of the Bourbons in the days of their greatest power did not exceed them. The Queen's son in a minor way is going on in the Crown Prince's own family. He himself married a Swedish; his eldest son married a Danish; his second son married a Princess of the British Royal Family; and his second daughter married a Swedish Prince. The Queen's second son rules Greece, which is a third bigger than his father's kingdom. His children, in turn, have married into the Prussian and Russian



SOLID GOLD FONT USED IN CHRISTENING THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

royal families. The third son went to France for his bride, for he married Princess Marie of Orleans. The daughters of Queen Louise made far greater matches, however, beginning with the Queen. All three married into the royal families of Great Britain and Emperor of India thirty-five years ago. Curiously enough, the instinct for great alliances has not abated itself in her descendants. The second daughter of the Queen, Princess Marie, is marrying Alexander III, Czar of All the Russias, contracted an alliance which has affected the world in a remarkable way. For the Queen's son in a minor way is going on inasmuch as to his father that the present Czar owns that Pacific strain in his character which dictated the famous Rescript. The younger son of all Princess Theodora, the only member of the family who has not got all that might have been; for the war that robbed her father of Schleswig-Holstein relieved her future husband, the King of Norway, of his inheritance. The Queen's son in a minor way is going on in the family by the operation of the Salle law when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The intricacies of the various alliances of the House of Denmark would need many a page to explain.



THE THRONE ROOM, AMALIENBORG, SHOWING THREE LIFE-SIZED LIONS IN SOLID SILVER.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.

*From the Picture by E. Blaenec.*



1. Site of the Dumbuck Crannog (previous to Excavation) looking West.  
5. Beams Projecting beyond the Circumference of the Structure, South-East Segment.

2. Measuring a Canoe.  
6. Formation of the Breakwater.

3. Types of Tile Points.  
7. Recording the Finds.

4. The Upper Pavement, North-East Segment.  
8. Working Out the Refuse Mound: Some of the Finds.

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF A LAKE-DWELLING ON THE CLYDE: SKETCHES OF THE EXCAVATION.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The adventures of M. de Rougemont as detailed in the *Wide World Magazine* have been attracting a very large amount of attention, through the criticism which has been freely bestowed upon them. I have been perusing the correspondence published in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*, and I must aver that if M. de Rougemont can satisfactorily reply to even a moiety of the remarks emanating from explorers who know the regions he describes, he will be credited with a high amount of cleverness, to say nothing of the question of veracity at all. Sundry minor details in the adventures of M. de Rougemont may pass muster readily enough; it is on the big questions involved in his narratives—questions of language, latitude, longitude, and of anthropology at large—that the real issue depends. Thus it is perfectly possible that M. de Rougemont encountered a giant octopus; for big cuttle-fishes, as I have shown in this column on more than one occasion, do assuredly exist, some of them being of immense size.

Questions of natural history, it appears to me, form the least important of the items round which the contest will be and is being waged in this particular matter. These questions can mostly be settled by the experience of zoologists. The real points involved, as I have indicated, are matters of anthropology, and I understand M. de Rougemont refuses to give any information concerning the language of certain of his aboriginal friends, because the language would indicate the tribe, and the tribe would indicate in turn where a magnificent auriferous region exists. Well, I sincerely hope the expectations of untold wealth which M. de Rougemont and his backers appear to entertain may be realised. *Nous verrons*. Meanwhile, might I make a little suggestion in the interests of the very pretty fight which is now going on over the question whether M. de Rougemont is a Selkirk or a Munchausen? I should like to know how much of the narrative in the *Wide World Magazine* represents the actual words of the narrator. The English is respectable, and would indicate practically that the matter has been edited—I use this term in a perfectly legitimate sense. How far and to what extent do the editorial functions extend? If we are dealing with M. de Rougemont's actual words describing his alleged actual experiences, we know how to proceed. If the expression and diction are those of another person, and if there has been "editing" of his actual words, this alters the case entirely. Then we have a possibility, not only of mistake, but perchance of unintentional enlargement of the narrator's words. Everybody knows how intensely difficult it is to reproduce, save in a verbatim report, the actual ideas of a speaker. One of the most difficult things in the world is to make an accurate précis of a series of statements. Therefore, I ask, does the narrative consist of M. de Rougemont's *ipsissima verba*, or is it a clever reproduction merely of the essence of what he did say?

The national movement for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis—that is, consumption—is progressing, and for the benefit of my London readers, who, I trust, will take a practical interest in this all-important matter, I may inform them that the offices of the association are situated at 20, Hanover Square, W. It may be well to reiterate a very practical point indeed, and that is, the full publication in every public vehicle of a notice to the effect that spitting on the floors is most undesirable; while a similar caution directed to the disinfection of the matter coughed up from consumptive lungs is eminently desirable. I noticed when in Brussels the other day, that such notices are posted inside the electric-tramcars that environ the city from the Gare du Nord to the Muï; and, of course, in Paris the same announcements are to be seen. They should be posted in every bus, car, and railway-carriage in our own land, so that one fertile source of the dissemination of tubercle germs may be lessened or altogether abolished.

Last year I had the pleasure of describing in this column a visit paid by me to the educational establishment of Madame Peul Roche-Dieu, at 36, Avenue Legrand, Brussels, and of highly commending this seminary to English parents desirous of securing a healthy and admirably managed school for their daughters. A week or two ago, I paid another visit to the school, this time a surprise visitation. I found everything in and around the school in the same excellent order, the sanitation perfect, and the whole atmosphere of the seminary exactly what it should be. I was gratified to learn that my previous remarks on the school and its excellence had been productive of benefit to some readers of this Journal, and I again commend the establishment to the notice of parents who desire for their daughters sojourning abroad for educational purposes, a home from home. I make these remarks all the more readily, because it happens that certain foreign seminaries are not all they should be in the way of sanitation, feeding, and other details.

A little holiday grumble may not be out of place in this column as we near the end of the season of rest and leisure. I refer to the most inconvenient arrangements attending both embarkation and disembarkation at the most important Continental port we have (in so far as passenger traffic is concerned), Dover to wit. When there is a bit of a gale blowing, you are drenched as you pass from the train to the boat. Last August, I had two salt-water douches down my back as I walked to the steamer, wetting me to the skin, and dozens of my fellow-passengers were in precisely a similar plight. This is not as things should be, of course, and perhaps I may be told I must wait till Dover Harbour is an accomplished fact. Perhaps so; but the public have suffered for years, and it is just as well to remind those responsible that some kind of even canvas protection might be rigged up to protect passengers on stormy days. Then as to the baggage arrangements. Is there no possibility of any other plan of embarking or discharging luggage save as single articles on the shoulders of sailors? We arrived in London nearly an hour late the other day, and all the delay was due to a press of baggage at Dover.

## FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. VIII.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DUNWICH CITY.—(Continued.)

I had an interesting hour at the Bank of British North America one morning watching several men selling the result of their season's wash-up; the bank, by the way, only consisted of a canvas tent structure. The gold was brought in large leather bags, each one weighing about as much as a man could carry. Each of these was emptied into a big copper scoop and put on a large pair of scales and weighed carefully to a grain. A stranger to the country walking in suddenly would have never believed that these big heaps of metal were each thousands of dollars' worth of gold, or that the owners of all these sacks of wealth were the rough, dirty-looking men lolling over the counter. The various claims were busy finishing their work for the season, and the banks had their hands full. The manager told us that he had taken over \$250,000 worth of gold that day alone. When the various banks close for the day, the gold is sent to the barracks and is kept under an armed guard all night—a necessary precaution, since there were scarcely any iron safes yet in Dawson, and all the houses were built either of wood or canvas.

All the gold brought in from the creeks is not, however, sold to the banks: the two large stores of the North American Trading and Transportation Company and the Alaska Commercial Company take charge of a considerable amount for their customers. At one of these stores I was shown safes, huge boxes, and other receptacles packed with the familiar leather gold-bags, each bag bearing the owner's name, the weight of contents, and date of delivery, many of these bags being of enormous weight.

Whether or not the Yukon district ever fulfils the prophecies of marvellous wealth, as prophesied by



MAJOR WALSH, ADMINISTRATOR OF YUKON.

Mr. Ogilvie and others, it is not my province to discuss in a narrative that is purely descriptive. This much, however, I feel bound to say—that before I came to the country I was told by people who had been there that I would see gold brought down from the creeks in amounts that would make me open my eyes; and I smiled. Well, I did see this in Dawson, and even more than I ever could have imagined possible. The old saying that one swallow does not make a summer of course holds good up here also; so it would be absurd to assume that the entire region is a mass of gold-bearing gravel because some parts have proved marvellously rich. That there is an immense amount of gold in the Klondike district is indisputable, but whether it will be found pretty generally distributed or only in patches, and therefore fall to the luck of a favoured few, time alone will prove. It would be both unfair to the country and misleading to the public to attempt to give any decided opinion either way at present, for the whole district is only just now being prospected. Rich finds are continually occurring in what were hitherto considered impossible localities, and by the time this goes to press many places up to the present unheard of will have suddenly come to the front.

It may be of interest to mention, whilst on the subject, the method of disposing of gold-dust and nuggets. The banks and stores buy it of the miners at a fixed rate, \$14; out of this they deduct 4 per cent. to cover exchange, assay charges, freight and insurance, and they give drafts on any place the men wish. Should the gold assay more than \$14, the balance is paid without further deduction to the miner. These charges strike one as reasonable and fair enough, as against what the men were forced to pay last year, before the banks came here, and the two stores had it all their own way. I have heard of 18 per cent. being charged for a bill of exchange. These, however, are not the only charges levied on the fortunate prospector, for there is a royalty of 10 per cent. charged by the Government on the gross returns of every claim. This is, no doubt, a very big and irksome tax on a new country, and is causing an enormous amount of bad feeling—to a very great extent, justly so.

I went carefully into the pros and cons of this

question, which appears sufficiently serious to retard the progress of these new fields unless it is speedily and judiciously revised. The men contend that such a tax will practically mean closing down many mines next year, the possible profit from working being too problematical to balance the risk incurred. On the other hand, the Government says: "We have gone to the great expense of bringing police into the country, establishing stations, and generally affording you complete protection for your life and property. We have thus induced banks to establish branches in the country. We have introduced a mail-service, and are about to spend money on trails to the various creeks, etc. All this must be paid for, and, if so, by whom else but those who are taking wealth from the country?"

This struck me as all very well, but still the fact remained that a 10 per cent. royalty on gross returns was excessive. The increase of revenue to the Budget of the Dominion Government this year from the Klondike region will be enormous from the usual sources alone. When it is remembered how many thousands of people have come into the country, the number of miners' licenses issued at \$10 each, and the claims that will be recorded at the fee of \$15.00, the sum derived from these sources of increased income alone should be sufficient to defray any extra expenses that may be incurred through sending police from what is practically one part of the Dominion to another, and the cost of laying out new trails (which have not yet even been started). There can be no doubt, in my mind, that thus unwise hampering a young country can but have two effects—first, that of seriously retarding its progress; and secondly, of inciting people to use their utmost ingenuity to evade what they rightly or wrongly consider an unjust impost. It is estimated that the revenue of England is the loser by millions every year through people making false income returns. What, therefore, will it be in this far-away region, where the law is only represented by a handful of police, and the American boundary line is but a few miles distant down the river? The reply is obvious.

(To be continued.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. R. W. Enright, who was prosecuted in 1879 under the Public Worship Regulation Act, has died at the age of sixty-three. He was Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, and was imprisoned for seven weeks. After leaving Bordesley his life was one of great trial, and he spent eleven years of it in the East-End of London. For some years he suffered from nervous disorders, but his end was peaceful. He was one of the keenest and most independent of controversialists, sometimes puzzling and offending even his own party, but always following his own convictions of duty.

It has been decided that the next Church Congress shall be held in London.

It is said that Lord Halifax and Sir John Kennaway are in favour of a round-table conference between the Ritualists and the Evangelicals, and that this will probably be carried out.

No one had a more cordial reception at the Church Congress than the Ven. Archbishop of Canterbury. His speech to the working-men was full of human sympathy and earnestness, and was received with immense enthusiasm.

Mr. George Hawkins, who spoke at the Church Congress as a working-man's representative, is "Father of the Chapel" at the Oxford University Press. He said that every Bible and Prayer-Book bearing the Oxford imprint was manufactured under fair conditions. He complained of a certain firm employing two hundred women in the binding of Bibles, and paying them at the rate of four to six shillings a week for which twenty-three to twenty-four shillings was being paid in London.

Archdeacon Sinclair at the Church Congress referred to Mr. Cyril Maude's impersonation of the Little Minister. He said that the upright figure, the firm, clear speech, and the decided action of the Little Minister might be taken as the outward sign of the steady, courageous, self-respecting character within. "The womanlike man is a monstrosity just as is the manlike woman."

There was much comment at the Church Congress on Archbishop Temple's attack on the paper read by Dr. Jessopp. It was widely felt that the point was laboured a great deal too much, so that it seemed as if there was personal animus. It is said that Dr. Jessopp felt this most keenly, and that he will take an early opportunity of replying to the Archbishop.

The Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley, Vicar of Eastbourne, has accepted the Vicarage of St. Mark's, South Norwood. Mr. Ottley is a preacher of considerable mark, and has made important contributions to theological literature.

The *Guardian* has appeared in its threepenny form. There is no alteration in its appearance. The conductors say that if they had been willing to make it a purely ecclesiastical journal, it could have been produced at a lower price still. This, however, would have involved an alteration in the character impressed on it by its founders, and maintained, with varying success it may be, but with no wavering of intention, from its first publication until now. It is suggested that by the reduction of price readers will get their paper sooner. No doubt many clergymen combined to take in the *Guardian*, and they may now be able each to have a copy for himself. It is significant that the *Guardian* commences its new start with an explicit defiance to Nonconformists, referring to "the grave and growing controversy which must exist between sincere Churchmen and convinced Dissenters."

In Mr. McCabe's "Life in a Modern Monastery" he speaks of a friary built for a Roman Catholic order by a clergyman of the English Church out of the income of his benefice. The *Record*, usually a very cautious paper, gives currency to the rumour that the benefice in question is a City one, the church of which has been pulled down, and says that the attention of the Bishop of London has been called to the circumstance.



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: THE RIVER FRONT, DAWSON CITY.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr Julius M. Price.*

SEE PRECEDING PAGE

## LADIES' PAGE.

A revival which is preparing, but which, up to the present, has not made its reappearance very largely, is the use of fringe for trimmings. Fringes of all sorts have

on hats. A novelty to combine with chenille trimmings is tulle with chenille spots to make up into ruffles and frills. It is a little like what has always been used for veils, but the trimming tulle is far softer than is suitable for the other purpose. Chenille comes, of course, in every variety of colour, but white spotted with black is one of the favourite whims of the moment in every form, being much used in millinery for bows or for the folded foundation of a bonnet, and, to correspond, most of the tulle ruches are of white spotted with black chenille.

The very smart illustrations this week show us, first, a capital mantle. It would specially suit a young matron; it is constructed of black velvet, and trimmed with jet and jewelled passementerie; the godet flounce is lined with coloured silk, and the collar with lace. The bonnet is formed of pleated gauze, edged with jewels, and trimmed with wings and a rosette of black velvet. The other illustration is of a light cloth coat, with a braided collar, and cords for fastening, worn over a dark velvet skirt, and in company with a three-cornered felt hat, trimmed with velvet rosettes and spotted feathers.

Magnificent mantles in the latest styles are always a feature at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, and if you would see such excellent garments in their fullest perfection, you should pay a call there immediately. There is one superb coat, shaped very like that in the illustration, and built of royal purple velvet. The godet flounce has a lining of pale heliotrope silk, and the whole of the fitting part of the coat, both back and front, is richly embroidered with gold and jet passementerie; skunk lines the tall "storm" collar, and covers the two well-curved revers, the fur continuing just to the waist, and there ending with two of the little beasties' heads. The front is finished with a jabot of lace, held in place by a large paste ornament. Such ornaments, by the way, appear both upon mantles and dresses; they are exquisitely made, and quite put the old French paste, that for so long marked the standard of excellence in this matter, in the shade. The designs are copies of Louis XIV. brooches and buckles, and the stones are set in real silver; such a buckle alone is worth one or two guineas, hence it is not surprising that the coats on which such good ornaments appear in combination with fur and lace and rich embroideries, are thirty to forty guineas in price, and worth it in effect.

Royal purple velvet makes another of the magnificent coats to be seen in Peter Robinson's showrooms; this one reaches to the ground, and is trimmed with ermine—a truly regal ornament. The ermine forms the high collar and a narrow edging right down the front. From a little below the knee, the velvet is put on as a separate flounce, the join being decorated at intervals by large Louis Seize knots, the one at the back very big, those at the front somewhat smaller. These are worked in black silk braid embroidery. Exactly the same design is to be seen in the quieter materials of drab cloth and sable trimming. Another most elegant redingote is of black satin, the top consisting, both back and front, of finely gauged black silk, made into a V shape by a wide collar turning back from

the bust and going over the shoulders, of that most soft and becoming fur, chinchilla. The same design is repeated in a velvet coat with carbuncle at the top instead of the silk gaugings, and trimmings of sable. For a lady of "important" figure and style, a perfect mantle would be one shown me at Peter Robinson's, of black velvet edged all round with a deep—becoming at the back a very deep—



A SMART LIGHT CLOTH COAT.

been prepared by the manufacturers, and therefore it is probable that they will appear on the dresses. They are intended to edge the flounces and the tucks which form so important a part of the decoration of the moment; and also themselves to construct the entire trimming on the skirt, in this case the fringe being laid in vandykes round the bottom or in straight rows. One chic Paris toilette have I seen made in this wise. The material is fine purple cloth, and the skirt is cut double, the under-skirt quite plain, the over-skirt pointed in front and cut up to the sides, and edged with a trimming of lattice-work chenille, from which heading falls a chenille fringe about six inches deep, of the same colour. The back of the skirt is really draped by the long tail of the polonaise-coat; while the front of the bodice shows a folded belt of purple velvet, over which come pointed ends of the cloth, buttoning on the velvet belt by three small gold buttons to each point. At the neck the cloth is cut away to show a little velvet vest, and the shoulders are draped with écrù lace. Thus, you see, the fringe only modestly appears on the skirt-front.

Chenille trimming is very effective, and is being largely used. It is made in all sorts of widths and can be employed also to make the crown or the brim of a toque when it is put upon the dress, so that the whole costume shall harmonise. Straw and chenille mixed is used for trimming bows and rosettes



A HANDSOME MANTLE OF BLACK VELVET.

flounce of mink; the velvet is cut away at three points to admit lines of black lace insertion laid over white, and this lace and the velvet all over are brightened up by discreet touches of sequin embroideries. More everyday requirements are abundantly catered for. There is, for example, a pretty cape in a pale fawn shade of box-cloth, cut in the popular shawl-shape and edged with a flounce, embroidered all over in gold and dark brown, with a pattern like that of the Virginian creeperleaf; or a fawn cape of the three-decker order, having wide revers of chinchilla and a storm-collar of the same fur, with just one large button under the points of the chinchilla.

Some exquisite Paris models are to be interviewed, both in the ordinary day-dress and the evening-dress departments; in the latter, particularly, there are a number of visions of beauty. All are of the fluffy, light order, which fashion affects at present, in place of the rich brocades and marrowy silks that were once preferred. The splendour comes now rather from beautiful embroideries and graceful effects of draping. A beautiful model is a combination of pink brocade and white chiffon. The top of the skirt is of the pink brocade, the pattern a large flower laid at intervals on a plain ground; this floral design is in every case padded up behind, so that it stands out from the surface, and it is then worked all over with silver paillettes. The flounce—or, more precisely,



A HANDSOME GRAND PIANOFORTE.

The beautiful instrument figured in our illustration is an Italian walnut Concert Grand, with rich carvings of the period of Louis XIV. It has been specially manufactured by Messrs. S. and T. Fyard, and combines all the excellencies of touch, tone, and finish for which that ancient house is famous.

## THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION: SUNLIGHT SOAP AT KHARTOUM.



In the *Daily Mail* of September 26, 1898, appeared the following message from the Sirdar to the Lord Mayor of London—

"I trust that the opening up of these extensive countries will benefit the City of London and British Trade and Commerce in general."

On September 23, LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, received the following letters from Khartoum—

Gun-boat *El Hajir*, Khartoum, Sept. 3, 1898.

Dear Sir.—I have great pleasure in informing you that I have placed one of your advertisements on a wall facing the river, about two hundred yards of Gordon's Palace.

I am the first Englishman on shore after the Sirdar and his staff had landed—having to go on shore to bore holes to erect the flag-staffs on top of the Palace ready for to-morrow's ceremony—I claim to be the first one to place your advertisement in Khartoum.

Hoping this will meet with your favour,

I beg to remain, yours respectfully,  
J. R. WILLIAMS,  
Chief Engine-Room Artificer, R.N.

Lever Brothers.

Dear Sir.—I certify that I saw J. R. Williams nail one of your advertisements in a very conspicuous place close to "Gordon's Palace." The *El Hajir* being the first boat at Khartoum, therefore the above was the first in Khartoum, as we were the first Englishmen there.—I remain, yours respectfully,

A. W. ALLAM, Chief Engineer, *El Hajir*.

Sir,—This is to certify that I saw J. R. Williams, C.E.R.A., post one of your Sunlight Soap advertisements in a very conspicuous place close to the river, and not far from "Gordon's Palace." I believe the above to be the only advertisement at present posted in Khartoum.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

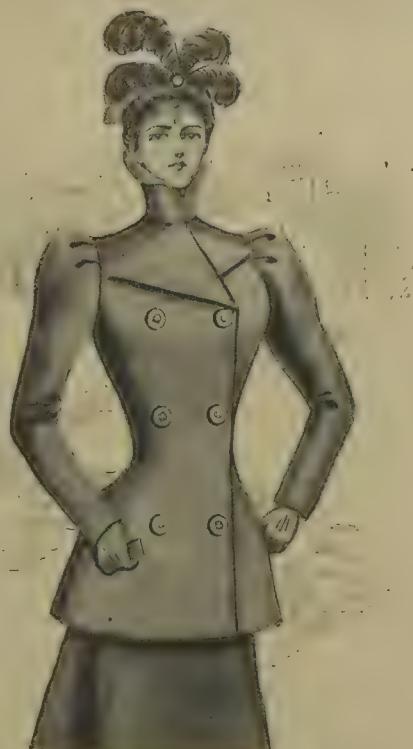
S. T. MATTHESON, Sergeant R.M.A.

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lower skirt—is a very full and slightly trained one of chiffon, and laid about upon it are a number of the pink flowers cut out from the brocade, padded up and embroidered in silver, in this detached condition, just as they are in the midst of their silken foundation at the top. Fine pink ruchings and lace finish the edges of this chiffon skirt; the low bodice is, of course, embroidered to match; and the whole thing is as ideally beautiful as it is novel. Another is a white moiré antique, in which is woven, so as to form the edgings of an upper skirt and an under, a bordering of a purple chené flower, looking as though it were painted. A lace insertion divides the two skirts, and quantities of purple chiffon ruche flounces round the foot. This has the bodice cut in the old-fashioned Court shape, with a very steep peak in front, and very high on the hips. A third is of green silk and white silk muslin, worked all over with brilliant effect with silver, and trimmed with raised chenille embroideries. This notion of padding the back of trimmings, so as to get a raised appearance, is quite a feature of the moment. It is used with good effect on a black satin dress; this is embroidered all over with jet paillettes, raised on a padding. Again, a black net, all tiny flounces, is trimmed with raised blue embroideries simulating tortoises in shape—the latest Paris whim. So much are embroideries used on dresses of every kind that in the materials department nearly all the best stuffs are offered ready shaped and fully embroidered with ribbon, braid, or chenille, for the dressmaker simply to make up. Purple is again an extremely popular colour, but the latest thing is a magenta-like red, which becomes effective and not too startling when well toned down with black.

Shadowy though the records are that come down to us from Saxon times, they leave little doubt that the position of women of the upper classes was one of great influence and power, and especially so in the case of the Abbesses, some of whom were summoned to sit in person in the Parliament of their day, and all of whom exercised very considerable power in their own sphere. In the speeches at the dedication of the memorial which has just been erected at Whitby to the memory of the father of English sacred poetry, Cædmon, the remarkable history of the Abbess Hilda, who ruled in the seventh century at Whitby, was often referred to—necessarily so, inasmuch as Cædmon was a Yorkshire shepherd, and it was Hilda, a great Princess of such importance and sanctity as to be made a saint after her death, who patronised Cædmon, and, as the Venerable Bede says, enabled him to turn his poetical talents to practical account. The Bishop of Bristol, speaking at the inauguration, reminded his hearers that the present prominent part of women in the world's affairs was no new thing, for that it was recorded that the Abbess Hilda ruled over a theological school and trained five Bishops at Whitby Abbey. After Hilda, the Bishop added, the Princess Eflfeda held the same post, and of her it was recorded that, "in the great councils of the Church she was always the best counsellor and comforter of the whole province."

FILOMENA.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
M G D (Hyde Park).—We are much obliged for your kind letter, but we certainly did not mean to expose any of our correspondents to ridicule. We are pleased to receive your list of favourites, which in the main agrees with ours.

P H Williams (Hampstead).—We hope to find it acceptable, as usual.

S G Abraham (Maida Vale).—Thanks for notice.

J T Blakemore.—You are quite right.

F Muir.—Be good enough to submit your problem on a diagram.

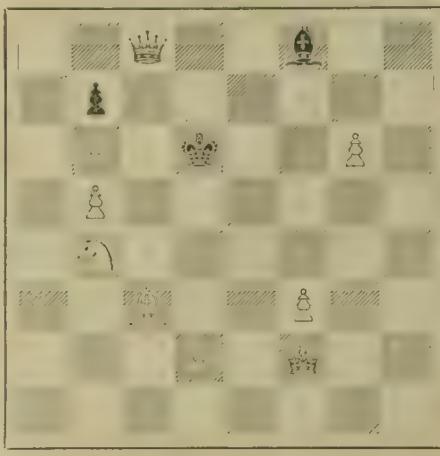
F Marshall.—At the moment we cannot easily refer. If you will send us a copy of a diagram we will answer with pleasure.  
*Correct Solution of Problem No. 2831 by G Douglas Angus received from C A Macleod of 11, Queen's Gate, S W 1, on Sept. 28, 1898.*

*Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2840 received from Hermit, Thomas Charlton (Chapman), May Smith (Brighton), J W Tait, Alfred W Pye (Granby), J W C (Edgerton), S Davis (Leicester), A F Parbury, R Worsters (Canterbury), J F Moon, C M A (Faversham), Mrs M. (Faversham), P J (Faversham), Henry A. Dunning (Hornsey), F J (Hornsey), S W (Hornsey), H S (Kensington), Alpha, Miss H Marshland (Howden), F E Peckover, H Le Jeune (Southwark), Julia Short (Finsbury), M J Holdhouse (Lambeth), Major Nangle (Bathurst), L. D. (Lambeth), George Stillington Johnson (Cobham), D F S (St. Henry Wharf), Mrs J. T. C D (London), M A Eyre (Fulkestone), T Roberts, G M O (Buxton), John M Moore (Dedham), J T Blakemore (Birmingham), A E J Carpenter (Liverpool), J Hall, G B Penruddick, E Hooper (Putney), J Bailey (Newark), F N Braund (Farnham), Edith Corser (Reigate), Sorrento, Captain Spencer, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), and E B Foord (Cheltenham).*

*Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2841 received from Hermit, Thomas Charlton (Chapman), May Smith (Brighton), J W Tait, Alfred W Pye (Granby), J W C (Edgerton), S Davis (Leicester), A F Parbury, R Worsters (Canterbury), J F Moon, C M A (Faversham), Mrs M. (Faversham), P J (Faversham), Henry A. Dunning (Hornsey), F J (Hornsey), S W (Hornsey), H S (Kensington), Alpha, Miss H Marshland (Howden), F E Peckover, H Le Jeune (Southwark), Julia Short (Finsbury), M J Holdhouse (Lambeth), Major Nangle (Bathurst), L. D. (Lambeth), George Stillington Johnson (Cobham), D F S (St. Henry Wharf), Mrs J. T. C D (London), M A Eyre (Fulkestone), T Roberts, G M O (Buxton), John M Moore (Dedham), J T Blakemore (Birmingham), A E J Carpenter (Liverpool), J Hall, G B Penruddick, E Hooper (Putney), J Bailey (Newark), F N Braund (Farnham), Edith Corser (Reigate), Sorrento, Captain Spencer, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), and E B Foord (Cheltenham).*

PROBLEM NO. 2842.—By B. G. Laws.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2838.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to K 4th R to K 2nd  
2. Kt takes B P  
3. Q or R Mates Any move

If Black plays 1. B to K 3rd, 2. Kt takes B; if 1. B to B 2nd, 2. Kt to K 7th (ch); and if 1. B to K 4th, then 2. P takes P, and 3. Q or P mates.

## CHESS IN COLOGNE.

Game played between Masters Showalter and Steinitz.

(Guy Lopez)

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
(Mr. Showalter). (Mr. Steinitz). (Mr. Showalter). (Mr. Steinitz).  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th with a fairly even position, there are certain weak places which do not stand the stress of attack.  
2. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to K 5th P to Q 3rd  
4. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd  
5. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
6. B takes Kt B takes B  
7. Q to Q 3rd Kt to Kt 5th  
8. P to K 3rd It appears that Black at least equalises the position by this line of play. We prefer either & Charles' line of 8th.  
9. Kt takes P B to K 4th  
10. Q to K 3rd B to Q 2nd  
Black's object is to prevent the exchange and to guard against White's Kt to Q 5th, but he weakens his position. The Queen's Pawn is especially liable to attack after P to Q 5th.

Although Black appears to come out

Black has no resource, for either the Queen is lost or mated by Q to R 8th (ch), K takes Kt, Q to Q 8th, mate.

At the Maida Vale Chess Club Mr. Herbert Jacobs will give a simultaneous display, contesting twenty games at the same time. The entertainment will take place on Wednesday evening, Oct. 12.

The meetings of the Baptist Union, held at Nottingham, have been very largely attended. The Baptists contemplate raising a fund of £200,000, and they propose to erect central buildings for the done nomination on a prominent site in London. Some sensation was made by the Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), who, at a missionary meeting, insisted that the old conception of the heathen religion was false; that they, too, were of God, and were preparations for the final revelation of Christianity.

Native granite is threatened severely by the stone from other countries. Sweden has long been a rival, and now Belgian granite is being imported. The Walsoken Urban District Council of Norfolk finds itself in a difficulty for having used English instead of Belgian stone. Granite as a pavement will next be replaced by wood.

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REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Owen, M.P., for the North-East (Launceston) Division of Cornwall, of 5, Whitehall Gardens, and formerly of Henley Grove, Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 22 by Mrs. Elizabeth Owen, the widow, and Owen Owen, the son, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £272,912, and the net personal £195,034. The testator bequeaths £750, his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages, horses, and stock, and the use for life of his residence, to his wife. He also devises to her for life his estate in Wales, and on her decease to his son Charles Todd Owen. The residue of his property he leaves as to eight sixteenths, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children as shall appoint, and in default thereof to his six children, the shares of his sons to be double that of his daughters. The other moiety of his property he leaves as to two sixteenths each to his sons, Charles Todd Owen and Owen Owen, and one sixteenth each to his daughters, Lillian Susannah Owen, Elizabeth Hoyle Owen, Margaret Isabella Owen, and Lucy Gwendoline Owen. The late Mr. Owen was part proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury*, and *Western Herald* newspapers.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1895), with two codicils (dated May 28, 1896, and Aug. 11, 1898), of Mr. William Welch Deloite, of Hill House, Southall, a past president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and founder of the firm of Deloite, Dever, Griffiths, and Co., 4, Lothbury, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Mary Ann Deloite, the widow, Edmund William Dubois, and George Cloutte, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,707. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nephews Edward Allbeury and Alfred Tansley, his niece Eliza Deloite Allbeury, Frederick Thomas Dubois, Louise Hobbs, Florence Hobbs, Tina Vincent, Rebecca Parker, and Edward Hobbs; £100 to Agnes Flowers; £500 each to Edmund W. Dubois and George Cloutte; and legacies to his coachman, gardener, and cowman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will dated March 1, 1898, with a codicil (dated July 2, 1898), of Mr. Edmund Minson Wayell, J.P., of Field House, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 21 by Gamaliel Sutcliffe and Robert Frith Crosland, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £68,685 14s. 3d., and the net personal £34,920 19s. 3d. The testator, after making specific devises and bequests to his children, grandchildren, and people in his employ, leaves the residue of his property as to one fifth each to his son George Henry Wayell, his daughters Frances Jane Wayell and Louisa Tabitha Wayell, his granddaughter Florence Mary Wayell, and the six children of his deceased daughter, Sophia Elizabeth Currie.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1898) of Mr. Thomas MacLachlan, J.P., of 47, Campden House Court, Kensington, who died on June 27, was proved on Sept. 27

by Ronald MacLachlan, Norman MacLachlan, and Angus MacLachlan, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £34,959. The testator gives £50 each to his executors; £500 each and all his shares in the National Provincial Bank to his daughters Edith Latimer MacLachlan and Aileen MacLachlan; £500 to his son Angus; £500 to his daughter-in-law, Jean MacLachlan; £100 to his great-niece Janet Ronald; £50 to his great-niece Dorothy Ronald; £1000 each to his grandson, Donald MacLachlan, and his granddaughter, Aileen MacLachlan; and specific gifts to his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his executors in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will and codicil (both dated Dec. 16, 1887) of the Right Hon. Harriet, Dowager Countess of Meath, of Kilruddery, Bray, Wicklow, who died on July 16 last, granted to Lady Kathleen Harriet Brabazon, the daughter, and Colonel Walker R. Lascelles, the nephew, the executors, has been resealed in London, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £28,929 13s. 4d. The testatrix gives certain lands at Irish Town, Bray, to her son the Earl of Meath, and £30 per annum to her niece Helen Maud Wodehouse, until her father's death. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter, Lady Kathleen H. Brabazon.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1895) of Mr. Cuthbert Newington Hughes Johnson, of The Old House, Staverton, near Daventry, Northampton, who died on Aug. 28, was proved in London on Sept. 27 by Robert Alexander Milligan Hogg, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £17,153. The testator gives an annuity of £50 to Emily Alldridge; £50 to his executor; and, subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Ann Johnson, for life, and at her decease to his children, George Newington Hughes Johnson and Elizabeth Newington Hughes Johnson. Should both his children predecease his wife without leaving issue, then his residuary estate is to be held, in trust, for the Daventry Public Library.

The will and two codicils of Major-General James Edmund Mayne, Madras Staff Corps, of Kensington Gardens Square, who died on June 18, have been proved by Mrs. Harriett Blanche Mayne, the widow, Major-General Gordon Sutherland Morris, and Austin Low, the executors, the value of the estate being £2486.

The will of Colonel Hugh Smith Baillie, J.P., late Royal Horse Guards, of Marham House, Downham Market, Norfolk, formerly of 69, Queen's Gate, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Sept. 21 by Eve Maria Viscountess Glentworth, the widow, Ronald Hugh Baillie, the nephew, and Miss Eila May Baillie, the niece, the executors, the value of the estate being £2830.

The will of Mr. George William Brown, of Sunny Hall, St. John's Wood Road, Bournemouth, formerly of Sunk Island, Holderness, Yorkshire, who died on June 30, was proved on Sept. 27 by John Richardson Brown, the brother,

and Mrs. Mary Grimoldby, the sister, the executors, the value of the estate being £3990.

The will of Mr. James Walmsley Teesdale, of Connaught House, Pembroke, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 24 by Joseph Hugh Teesdale, the brother, and George Henry Teesdale, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £8518.

## MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts have been continuing their merry and successful career. It is very rare indeed that Mr. Robert Newman and Mr. Henry Wood provide anything but the most stimulating fare for the public, which seems to have proved itself a sufficiently liberal patron. As a sample, on one night last week the programme was more or less devoted to the works of Dvorák. We do not hold, with Mr. Jacques—who writes the analytical programmes for the Queen's Hall—that Dvorák is a composer of the first eminence; and we are not admirers of his symphony "From the New World," which is both tiresome and vulgar, and enormously long, and which was played on the occasion in question. We cannot understand how anybody can seriously take it as a work of supreme beauty. It is composed of melodies which, however much they may be identified with folk-song, are frankly not admirable. Dvorák apparently thinks that these Indian songs form the future basis of an American national music; but the idea is wild and untenable. He treats them, indeed, with great breadth of harmony and a fine sense of orchestration, but that is not enough; as melodies they are poor, thin, sentimental, and vapid. They are pretty, if you please. But would Beethoven have been satisfied with "The Alabama Coon" as the basis of a symphonic movement? And that is the test of the thing, after all.

Still, it was only right to give Dvorák, on this or any occasional promenade concert, the opportunity of a hearing. We do but dispute the claimed pre-eminence of his position. He belongs, let us say, to the same rank (though the character of his music is utterly different) as Gounod, whose place in art Time is testing with some severity. Another selection from the Bohemian composer's work was a suite which was comparatively worthless. Dvorák can write brilliant music of the most enjoyable kind, dances of real vitality and the keenest spirit. We should suggest that some of this music in which he excels should, on other occasions, be played on a Dvorák night. Nevertheless, it is all to Mr. Newman's credit that these admirable concerts should have been carried through with so conspicuous a success. They have deserved all the patronage and praise they have received, and a good deal more too. His Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Mozart, and popular nights—to name but a few—have been little triumphs of art in their own way.

Of Mr. Henry Wood's band at the Queen's Hall it is now possible to speak with some authority and definiteness

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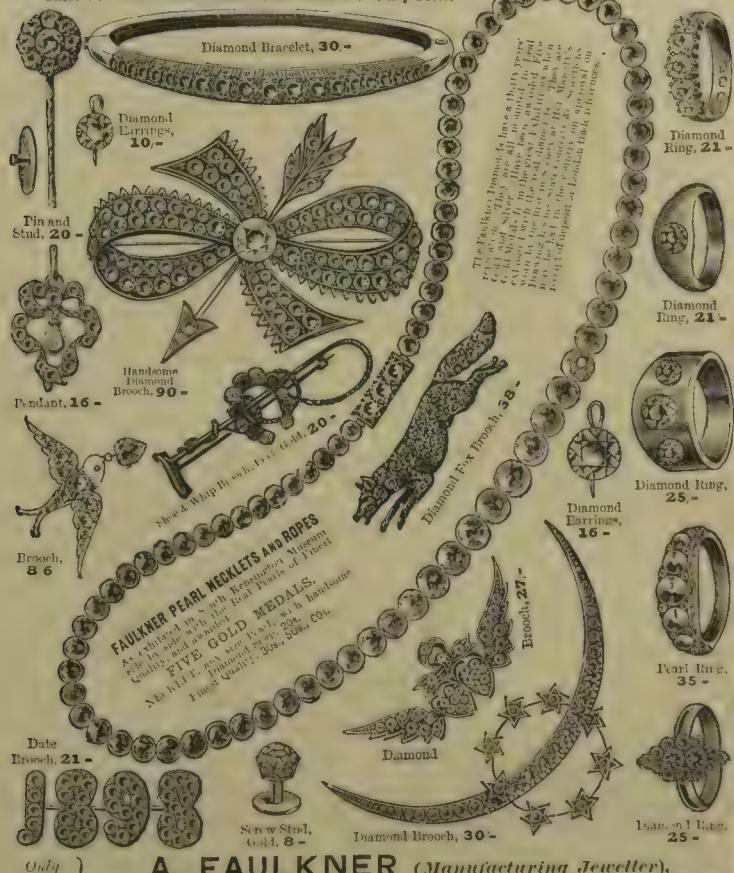


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as of an institution with which one has grown familiar. Mr. Wood has educated his hand exactly according to his own desires. He is able to extract from it an extraordinary precision and accuracy. The tone which he gets is wonderfully fine and neat, but it is not poetical, oddly enough. The manner of playing with this complete sense of contrast is certainly very effective at times, but it is not, to continue the same phrasing, always the most beautiful manner of playing. In the Dvorák extracts of the other day, for example, this kind of interpretation was so admirable that the faults became glaringly apparent. It was as though a light of amazing strength and search-power were suddenly flashed upon a work of imperfect completion. In some other more delicate, less obvious, work the same method is not by any means so impressive. Still, the orchestra is as fine as we have at the present time in England; and to Mr. Newman and Mr. Wood all the praise for its organisation is due.

A bust of Ruffini, the novelist, was unveiled at Genoa on Sunday afternoon in presence of a very distinguished audience. Professor Carbone made a speech, in which he praised Ruffini as a great patriot.

A capital drawn-up programme of arrangements for winter tours in Palestine and Egypt for the coming season has just been issued by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. The booklet is illustrated with photographs and maps, and contains details of personally conducted and independent tours to Lower Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, etc. "Miscellaneous Notes for Eastern Travellers" are also included, which should prove useful to those who intend travelling in the East.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY IN LONDON.

The "severe brutality" or prosaic accuracy with which photography was not long since reproached is, at least temporarily, no longer applicable. The Royal Photographic Society, if we may judge from the contents of its exhibition now being held at the Old Water-Colour Society's Gallery, has officially recognised that the art it promotes is as susceptible of personal influence as the etcher's or the painter's. The problem of atmosphere has of late attracted photographers even more than the mere rendering of outline, though, of course, the latter is bound up with that of the former. But in the present exhibition it is evident that many of the artists have been experimenting in atmospheric effects more for the sake of seeing what results can be reached than for any specially attractive effects. The Council also seems to have recognised this; otherwise it would be difficult to account for the award of several of the Society's medals. For instance, Mr. W. J. Warren's "Views of London in December" (21), reproducing the dull and dreary state of Trafalgar Square during that month of intermittent fog, are undoubtedly very clever, and display the results of much perseverance, but they are not pretty pictures with which to enliven one's walls. An American artist, Mr. W. A. Fraser, carries this phase a step farther in his studies of New York by night. "A Wet Night: Columbus Circle" (67) is the most effective, on account of the way in which the glare of the electric and gas lamps against the surrounding gloom is treated. Mr. Percy S. Lankester's "When the Sun is Low" (109) is a more attractive scene, and is handled with real knowledge of landscape art; and Mr. G. B. Randolph's "Dolomite Mountains" (146) are a pleasing

variation of the ordinary rendering of rocky precipices. Viscount Maitland trespasses a bit further on the painter's domain by printing his carbon views of "Biarritz at Sunset" (286) and "Low Tide" (287) on canvas, by which a rougher surface is produced with excellent effect. A number of purely architectural subjects, in which sharpness of outline is an essential, are grouped together; and amongst these Mr. Harold Holcroft's "North Choir of Lichfield Cathedral" (238) and Mr. C. S. Baynton's "The End of the Nave of Norwich Cathedral" (255) are the most noteworthy. For size and distinctness, however, "The Interior of St. George's Chapel" (392), printed by Messrs. Elliott and Son from a negative by Bulbeck, deserves especial attention. Mr. G. Thompson's "Threshing Wheat" (360) is in many ways one of the most striking results obtained by photography, and shows how the contrast of bright sunlight on a heap of corn-stalks can be treated in connection with the other parts of the overshadowed group.

The portraits and figure-subjects are scarcely up to the usual standard of excellence or importance, but there are a few which merit attention—such as Mr. H. W. Child's portrait study (28) of a girl's head; and the portraits of Mr. Clement Scott (36) and Mr. Austin Brereton (39) by Mr. W. H. Barnett. It may be thought that this branch of photographic art is best left in the hands of professionals; but one cannot but regret that such an application of it as is made by Mr. Reginald Craigie in his reproduction of Cousins's mezzotint of Mrs. Braddell (421), after Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, should not be more extensively employed and more generally patronised.

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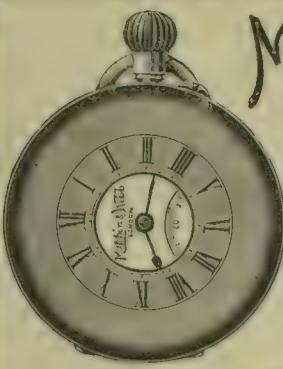
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time the standard of excellence, are also holding their annual show at the Dudley Gallery. It is to be regretted that the members of the Salon should fancy that tall talk and paragraphs made to order will advance the cause they champion. Photography is emphatically a *carrière ouverte aux talents*, and there is no need to assume that any body—public or private—is interested in barring the way to progress. The seceders did much to arouse interest in the application of art to photography, and the walls of the Old Society's exhibition are evidence of how the leaven has worked. It is unfortunate to be forced to record that the walls of the Dudley Gallery show the inevitable results of too much of the same leaven. The bichromate gum process, and its application to negatives and prints by means of the brush, which removes or attenuates the objects at the will of the artist, is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the half-trained artist. The delicacies of tone, the due relation of high lights to the picture, are only obtained by careful training, and it must be admitted that in some of the more ambitious works at the Salon these difficulties are not surmounted. Mr. Horsley Hinton occasionally succeeds in producing an effective picture, as in the study of rocks entitled "Pathless" (33), and in the sky effects in the "Headland" (63). Mr. George Davison's large landscape "From Conway Mountains" (93) is an even bolder attempt to deal with mountain and cloud; but many will prefer him in his more familiar style among the Essex marshes and villages. Mr. L. Ashton, Mr. Summers Baynton, and the two Messrs. Robinson are also prominent among the landscapists.

It is, however, in portraiture and figure subjects that the exhibitors at the Salon show the greatest strength; and here it must be admitted that they have much to teach, as in their landscape work they have much to learn.

Mr. Thomson Lyon's portrait of Mr. de Blowitz, Mr. H. H. Cameron's of Lord Roberts, Mr. G. Walton's of Mrs. Walton, and Mrs. Devens' Aunt Howe, are conspicuous in every way. Among the more fanciful studies, those of Mr. Watts Leo, Mr. Eustace Callan, and Mrs. Montgomery Sears deserve especial notice.

#### SHEIKH-EL-JEBAL—"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN."

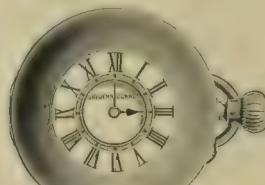
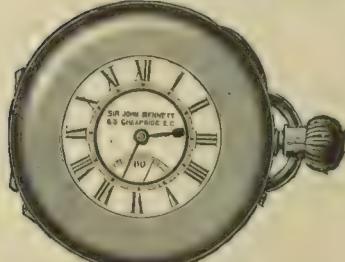
It may interest the admirers of Omar Khayyám, and many others as well, to know that we have at present in this country, as a visitor from India, a person who is a recognised lineal descendant of the celebrated Sheikh-el-Jebal, or "Old Man of the Mountain." This is His Highness Sultan Muhammad Shah, the Aga Khan, Spiritual Head of the Khoja Community. That is his name and titles as they appeared the other day in the Court Circular, which announced that he had been presented to the Queen at Windsor.

Most Omarians are aware that the Old Man of the Mountain was Hassan-bin-Saba, and one of the three, including Omar Khayyám and Nizam-ul-Mulk, who were the pupils of the Imam Mowaffaq of Nishapur. It is well known how Nizam-ul-Mulk became Vizier to the Seljukian Sultan, Alp Arslan, and befriended his old schoolfellow, Omar received a pension, and was able to live comfortably at Nishapur, where he studied the stars and wrote the Quatrains which are now the delight of so many. Hassan-bin-Saba received an appointment in the Government, but was discovered in an ungrateful and treacherous attempt to betray his patron, so had to fly. He afterwards joined the

followers of the Ismaili faith, and having secured a strong fortress called "Alamut," or the "Vulture's Nest," in the Elburz Range, he founded the celebrated sect of the "Assassins," who were a terror even to the Crusaders. The "Aga Khan," the title by which he is usually known, is a descendant of this Hassan-bin-Saba—the Assassins have long ceased to exist—and he is now chief of a large sect known as the Khojas, a branch of the Ismailies; they have very peculiar notions, and are neither Sunnis nor Shias. This sect exists in Africa, India, Afghanistan, Central Asia, Persia, etc., and they contribute large sums every year to the Aga Khan. The claim to be the chief of this sect was tried in the law-courts of Bombay during the lifetime of the present Aga's father, and was determined in his favour. According to Sir Bartle Frere, the sum of £10,000 a year hung on the verdict of this case. It is said that these descendants of the Old Man of the Mountain, who live now in Bombay, are devoted more to horse-racing than to assassination.

Considerable interest is being aroused among Local Boards all over Ireland in the refusal of the Irish Local Government Board to sanction the appointment of a lady rate-collector elected by the Clogher Guardians. It seems that there is nothing against this lady except the fact that she is a woman, and this can hardly be properly considered to count against her, inasmuch as a neighbouring Irish Board has been allowed to make such an appointment, and there are several women rate-collectors in England. Within the last few weeks the Guildford Guardians and the Urban District Council of St. Neots have both appointed women to do this work. The Irish lady has the further

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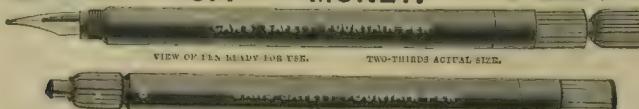
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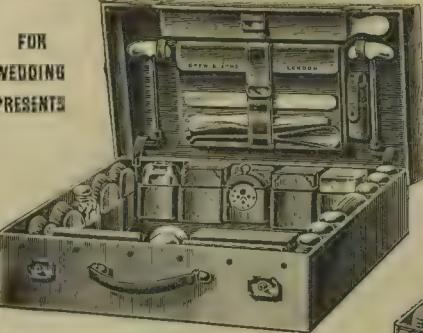
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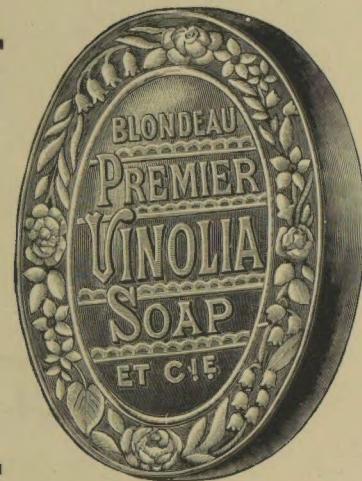
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claim that she for some years assisted her late father, who was the rate-collector, in his duties. The Irish Local Government Board have taken the strong step of sending an inspector down to the Guardians to threaten them that, if they do not permit the man whom Dublin Castle has appointed to take possession of the rate-books and do the work, they shall be disbanded, and paid Guardians appointed in their place at a cost of £500 a year to the ratepayers. The Guardians have sent a copy of this threat to all the other Boards of Guardians in the country,

and are receiving sympathetic replies. It is rather strange that Mr. Gerald Balfour should lend himself either to so over-riding local authorities or to so interfering with a woman doing work which she has already been proved capable of doing.

There is great searching of heart in the London County Council. Shall they accept the Lord Mayor's invitation to dine at the Mansion House? Fierce Progressives cry "No!" and recite the various high misdemeanours

of the Corporation. On the other hand, it is urged that to refuse the invitation would be unmannerly, that the Lord Mayor is, after all, the chief representative of the City, and that the City plays rather a conspicuous part in the government of London. One municipal body may surely ask another to dinner without compromising the principles of either. Some City champion might as well denounce the Lord Mayor for wasting turtle on Progressives who conspire against the rights of property. The whole dispute shows a sad lack of humour.



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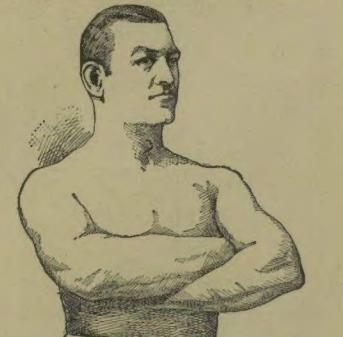
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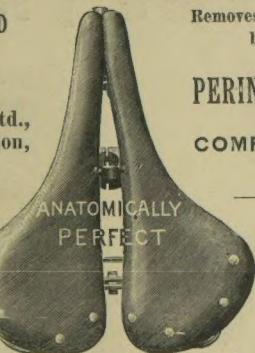
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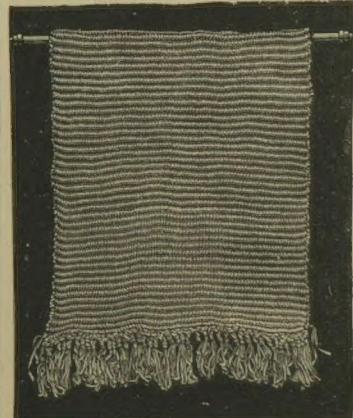
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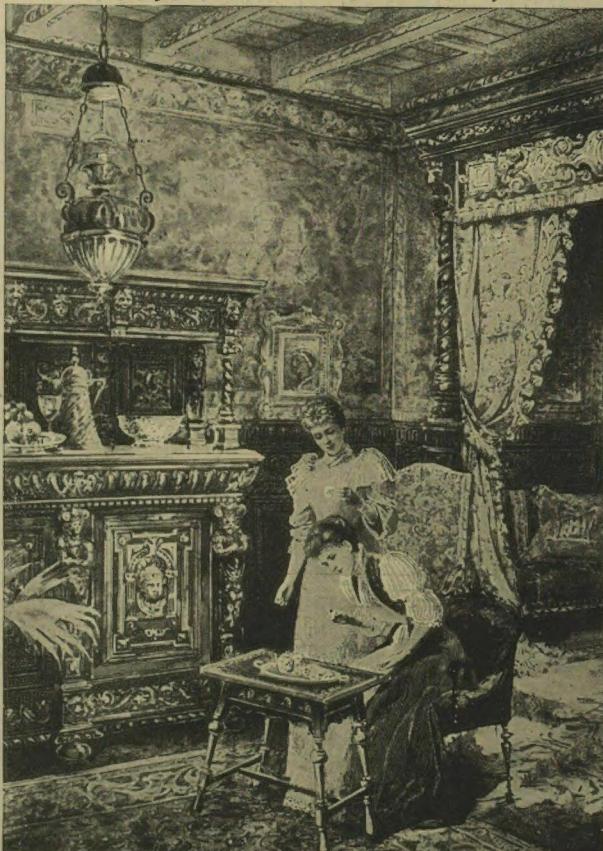
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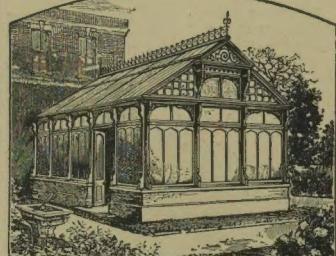
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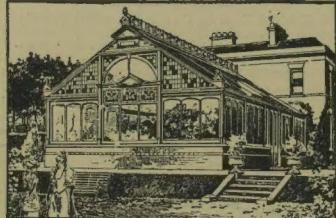
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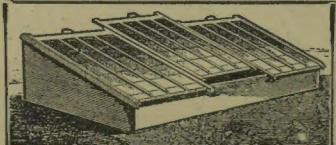
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